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THE LORDS ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT is hardly a matter for surprise that the persons who are egging the Government on to a conflict with the House of Lords have paid but late and partial attention to Lord COWPER's letter in the *Times* of Monday. The significance of that letter is unquestionable, and it is by no means confined to, or even principally contained in, the particular proposal of compromise made in it. The importance of Lord COWPER is that he is emphatically a representative man in every respect, even to the particular of his representing the numerous dropped colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE who are to be met with in every corner of both Houses of Parliament. That Lord COWPER is a pattern Whig, and a gentleman of honour, integrity, and good sense every one will admit; and this very letter, from the tone in which it speaks of the Conservative leaders and of their policy, shows that there is not the least wavering in his party allegiance. But Lord COWPER, who voted straight for the Government in the divisions of last month, observes that he cannot conceive the possibility of the House of Lords giving way, protests against a course of weakening and bullying the House of Lords, and asks, with some simplicity no doubt, but with perfect frankness, why the Government does not do what it admits that it can do, and bring in a Redistribution Bill at once? Let it be observed that this letter is by no means quoted here as an authority for the views of those who disapprove the Government action. Lord COWPER's arguments may be strong or weak, his opinion valuable or valueless. But it is clear that there is one point on which he can speak with authority unquestioned and unquestionable, and it is also clear that this point is one of great moment to the Government. It is essential to the Ministerial position that the Whig Peers should allow themselves to be made instruments in bullying their own House, and that in the last resort they should welcome, or at least acquiesce in, a swamping of that House. It has been argued here from the first that any such expectation was altogether unreasonable and futile, and Lord COWPER's letter is proof positive of its futility. It may be safely said that what Lord COWPER writes at least a hundred members of the Government minority in the Upper House think; and his letter suggests that, if the insane device of creating fifty, sixty, or more new peers to force through a Ministerial measure on which the country has not even had the chance of expressing an opinion, were resorted to, it would be defeated by the simple falling off of old adherents as fast as the new were admitted. This argument, it will be seen, is perfectly independent of any argument as to Lord COWPER's abilities, his possible reasons for dissatisfaction with Mr. GLADSTONE, and the like. His letter is the documentary confirmation of all reasonable forecasts of the attitude of moderate Liberal peers. It is for the Government and the supporters of the Government to lay this up in their hearts.

They (at least the supporters) have been more vocal on the subject of the utterances of another, and in this case a Tory, Peer. Lord CARNARVON's recent arguments for his order have been received by Radicals with an impatience which has probably surprised some not very attentive students of politics. The truth is that Lord CARNARVON is regarded by some Radicals with the mixture of sorrow and anger appropriate to a possible but disappointing convert. When he left Lord BEACONFIELD's Government, and for some years abstained from taking an active part in politics,

it was hoped that he would "come over." But those who entertained this hope were mistaken in Lord CARNARVON. As immediately after his resignation he showed no inclination to play BEDLOE to Lord DERBY's TITUS, so he has never shown the least inclination to play Second Deserter to Lord DERBY's First Ditto. This has naturally annoyed those who were anxiously waiting for him to turn his coat; and the activity which he has displayed in resisting the present agitation, and pulling to pieces the farrago of falsehoods which it has taken as its statement of case, naturally annoys them still more. Yet, if there were much wisdom in the Radical party, they might find useful matter for thought in this bellicose attitude of a politician for whom not so very long ago they had none but the softest tones. Lord CARNARVON is in his way as representative a man as Lord COWPER is in his. Even the silliest Radical cannot see in Lord CARNARVON that embodiment of a fierce and fiendish hatred of popular principles and privileges which it pleases some silly Radicals to see in Lord SALISBURY. The exuberant imagination and vocabulary of the most eloquent decriers of the House of Lords would scarcely describe Lord CARNARVON as an habitual breaker of the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Commandments, or as an ignorant dunce, or as a Jingo, or a pasha, or a haunter of thieves' kitchens, or as representing any of the other types which it is now known make up the greater part, if not the whole, of the House of Lords. When a man whose Toryism is by no means of an aggressive or "tantivy" type, and who is perfectly conversant with politics and business, takes the field, as Lord CARNARVON has lately taken it, it becomes a question whether agitation has not had the effect rather of waking up the enemies of Radicalism than of encouraging its friends. When attention shifts from Lord CARNARVON to Lord COWPER, it becomes a question whether this particular agitation has not had the effect not merely of waking up and uniting enemies, but of estranging and repelling friends.

The obvious, and only possible, retort that it is natural for peers to defend the House of Peers, is at least as feeble as it is obvious. For the whole hope of the hasty agitation which sprang up almost before the Lords had done anything to give it even a colour of reason lay exactly in this, that the peers would not defend the House of Peers. They were to be frightened into surrender; half of them were obediently to assist in stifling the other half; and the country was to do the frightening and claim the assistance. And lo! the Tory peers are not frightened, and the Liberal peers protest against the expectation that they shall aid and abet the assailants of the House of Lords, and the country is, to put the matter generously, at least as much on the side of the House of Lords as against it. In a few days it will be known what line Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to take in this very awkward conjunction of circumstances. If he wants, as Lord COWPER has bluntly put it, "a revolution," his course is perfectly clear; but if he does not, even his ingenuity will be somewhat puzzled to avoid an attempt at compromise. It is now certain that the attempt to exorcise the evil spirit (which, as Mr. GLADSTONE must hold, possesses the House of Lords and the Conservative party) on the principles of what some ethnologists call Shamanism is a failure. The Shamans have jumped, and grimaced, and yelled and gesticulated according to all the rules of art; the rattles have been shaken, and the evil-smelling drugs burnt, and the whole function performed in the most approved manner. But the patient does not

appear to be in the least benefited by the operation, and is more confirmed in his pravity than ever. Whether the great Shaman of all will put forth all his powers in the gigantic pow-wow (a slight linguistic confusion being permitted) of next week it is impossible to say. The proceeding would be risky; for, if it failed, there would be nothing left to try; it would be, even for Mr. GLADSTONE, rather dangerously inconsistent with the "order and moderation" of the QUEEN'S Speech, and it would put even the tried and elastic attachment of men like Lord HARTINGTON and Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR to a strain which might prove too much for them. It must be by this time quite clear to Mr. GLADSTONE that his party has made a mistake in attempting to play the two cards—the abolition or emasculation of the House of Lords and the passing of the Franchise Bill—at the same time, for this reason, if for no other, that the House of Lords has been unwisely informed of the ultimate Radical game. As Lord COWPER, not in so many words, but in words as significant, argues—to threaten the House of Lords with abolition or swamping if it does not pass the Franchise Bill is the very last way to make it pass that Bill. Even a Liberal peer is not, it seems, prepared *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, and to retain the privileges of the peerage on condition of never exercising them. This, it may still be hoped, Mr. GLADSTONE will consider. Although he is not unjustly credited with a remarkable amount of self-will, he has often, and especially of late, devoted his still more remarkable and unquestionable faculty of ingenious evasion to retreating under cover from untenable positions. His position—or at least the position into which his party would fain force him—is emphatically untenable, and it is barely possible that the last paragraph of the QUEEN'S Speech was framed so as to leave a postern of retreat for himself, while apparently advocating moderation in the attack on his adversaries.

THE OMISSIONS OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT has been traditionally understood that a Queen's Speech is, like a President's Message, a compilation of paragraphs furnished by the various Departments. The general awkwardness and crudity of the composition have consequently been exempt from severe literary criticism. A mere enumeration by three or four contributors of the measures of a past or coming Session could not reasonably be expected to furnish a model of style. The Speech which was delivered last week to a scanty audience was apparently composed exclusively by the PRIME MINISTER in an argumentative and apologetic rather than an historical mood. The omissions, which are perhaps the most characteristic part of the document, may be ascribed rather to the personal equation or intellectual peculiarity of the author than to any deliberate purpose of erroneous or incomplete statement. The Australian scheme of confederation, the intended protectorate in New Guinea, the French wars in China and Madagascar, the proposed delimitation of the frontier of Afghanistan, are subjects either uninteresting or distasteful to the Minister. The renewal of diplomatic relations and the inchoate Treaty of Commerce with Mexico were so far deserving of mention that they might otherwise have been easily forgotten. The first paragraph of the Speech, like many of Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances, admits of more than one interpretation. Some of his commentators thought that he meant to refer to nearly all the labours of the Session as having "failed to result in a legislative enactment." It was true that the Municipal Government Bill, the nine-shilling-piece Bill, and several other measures, were necessarily or voluntarily dropped; but, according to the better opinion, Mr. GLADSTONE only intended to lament the failure of the Franchise Bill. The discussion of the measure was undoubtedly the most important part of the labours both of the Commons and of the Lords. No objection can be taken to an expression of regret which leaves open the question whether the Government or the Opposition was chiefly responsible for the miscarriage. The Bills which had the exceptional good fortune of being passed occupy, as might be expected, a prominent place in the record of the Session. It would have been irrelevant to state that the Act for Conversion of Stock, the Contagious Diseases of Animals Act, the Municipal Corrupt Practices Act, and the Act for extending the hours of polling in boroughs, formed no considerable part of the labour of the Session, inasmuch as they were all unopposed. The Act

for the voluntary commutation of Three per Cent. Stock, which is the only important item in the catalogue, is a legitimate experiment, which will probably be successful. No opposition would think of refusing its assent to a proposal on the part of the Government for the diminution of the annual burden of the Debt. Some competent financiers think that Mr. CHILDERS has made a mistake in increasing the nominal amount of principal of the Debt; but in cases of this kind Parliament necessarily accepts the scheme as it is offered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The collapse of the European Conference is whimsically described as the failure of a common effort to accomplish a task which consequently seems to be impossible. It is, of course, obvious that the combined forces would have been more than sufficient if they had not been pulling in diverse and opposite directions. All the Powers are supposed to have been sincerely anxious to devise methods for restoring the equilibrium in the finances of Egypt. The persistent antagonism of France, the refusal of the majority of the Powers to facilitate the solution of the problem which was proposed by England, the attempts of the French and German representatives to widen the sphere of the Conference which were defeated by the firmness of Lord GRANVILLE, were all, it would seem, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinion, equally genuine suggestions for the restoration of a financial equilibrium. The political conditions which had been imposed by France before the Conference was allowed to meet may be classed under the same head. No information was given to Parliament as to the course which is now to be followed. It was perhaps unnecessary to state that the financial difficulty is greatly increased by the convocation and failure of the Conference. The policy of the Government in Egypt apparently consists of the "duties which grow out of the presence of (English) troops in the valley of the Nile." Ordinary reasoners had supposed that the presence of the QUEEN'S troops in the valley of the Nile was rather the consequence than the cause of the political duties which are incumbent on the Government. If the army of occupation had suddenly dropped into Egypt out of the sky, the task of bringing it home would be at the same time urgent and simple. The duty of rescuing General GORDON, and of maintaining order in Egyptian territory till some trustworthy Government has been established, can scarcely grow out of the present local position of the troops. Mr. GLADSTONE'S inveterate habit of misunderstanding, and therefore of misrepresenting, the actual condition of affairs, has consistently prevailed since he denied that there was an Egyptian war at the date of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. A mere propensity to indulge in sophistical forms of speech might be comparatively innocuous if it had not the effect of deceiving himself. There is too much reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE recognizes no duty to Egypt or to his own country except that which he affects to deduce from the presence of the QUEEN'S troops in the valley of the Nile. Many thousands of victims have already been sacrificed to the maintenance of a doctrine which is half a fiction and half a blunder. The reproduction of the same theory in the QUEEN'S Speech causes reasonable anxiety. The inhabitants of Egypt and the Soudan will still doubt whether loyalty or rebellion is likely to be safer and more profitable as long as the MINISTER refuses even to recognize the purpose of sending an expedition to Khartoum.

It may be hoped that the statement as to Lord NORTHBROOK is equally conventional and misleading. Mr. GLADSTONE hopes that the mission may materially aid the Government in considering not how the finances are to be restored, the administration reformed, and security against foreign aggression provided, but "what counsels are to be tendered to the Egyptian Government, and what steps "to adopt in connexion therewith." A poet once described a goat standing on a rock above a river in lines which have been considered as the idealization of helpless imbecility:—

On yonder rock a goat I spy,
To sip the flood he seems to try.

Mr. GLADSTONE seems not to quaff, but to sip—not to sip, but to try to sip—the stream of information which is to be sent home by Lord NORTHBROOK, that it may be returned to Egypt in the form of friendly advice to the KHEDIVÉ. It is not surprising that nothing was said by way of narrative or apology of the disgraceful past. The slaughter of HICKS and his ten thousand men might have been prevented if Mr. GLADSTONE would have held up his finger; but in that case he must have affirmed the plain fact that the

English Government, and not the KHEDIVE, was supreme in Egypt. Another tribute to fictitious moderation was paid when BAKER's troops were destroyed. The purpose or object of the battles round Suakim was, perhaps, to counteract the effect which had been produced by previous repudiations of responsibility. No official explanation or excuse has yet been forthcoming. It is strange that an expedition to Khartoum, which might have tended to the condonation of previous omissions and commissions, was not announced to Parliament, if it is really about to be despatched. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence is that for once he has been overruled by his colleagues.

Three short sentences devoted to the affairs of South Africa contain true statements of fact, but they are calculated to produce an erroneous impression. It cannot be denied that the Convention with the Transvaal has been ratified by the Volksraad; but there is reason to fear that its provisions have already been violated. The monstrous insolence of Mr. KRUGER and Mr. JOUBERT in denouncing Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and Mr. MACKENZIE as "liars" was evidently intended to prepare the way for a repudiation of the agreement which had just before been at their instance ratified by the Volksraad. One of the principal clauses of the agreement defined the boundary of the Transvaal territory, excluding the district of the friendly chief MONTSIOA. According to the latest accounts, a young Englishman formerly in Government employ has been killed by the Boers while he was assisting in the defence of MONTSIOA. The occasion and merits of the quarrel are still unknown; but it is unlikely that MONTSIOA should have been the aggressor in a conflict with a force greatly superior to his own. Regret is expressed that "the condition of Zululand outside the Reserve continues to be disturbed." The Convention included no provision for the protection of the Zulus, who were not supposed to be threatened by the restless adventurers of the Transvaal. Since that time they have not only occupied a portion of the country, but appointed a King, who will of course be dependent on his patrons. The Boers have virtually established the Protectorate in Zululand which ought long since to have been assumed by the Imperial Government. The blood which has been shed during four disastrous years in South Africa has been the natural result of the capitulation of Majuba. At both extremities of the same continent moral cowardice has proved to be more dangerous than the rashest enterprise. It is satisfactory to be reminded that in Basutoland a bolder and more prudent policy has been adopted, though it is still uncertain whether the substitution of the authority of the Crown for that of the Cape Government has been generally accepted by the natives. After a discussion of the special propositions of the QUEEN'S Speech, it would perhaps be hypercritical to comment on the reproduction of the stereotyped statement that "the most friendly intercourse continues to subsist between the QUEEN and all Foreign Powers." It is notorious that the statement is only so far true as it negatives any diplomatic rupture; but since the formula was first devised, it has scarcely ever been so inconsistent with facts as at present. A bold assertion, though it may not be strictly accurate, is refreshing in comparison with a series of sophistical quibbles.

EGYPT.

THE remarkable proceedings which, as defined by Mr. GLADSTONE, are to consist of preparations rather than operations in Egypt appear to be pushed forward with a certain rapidity, and Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to announce as much when he speaks next week in Midlothian. The incurable malice of his enemies, of which so much is heard from his friends, will probably connect the two sets of events in the relation of cause and effect. A respectable little army is, it seems, to be collected at Wady Halfa, and a respectable little navy is being built in England to transport it. Confirmed grumblers say that the boats could be better built or otherwise provided on the Nile itself, but the English shipbuilding and shipping trades have not been in such a flourishing condition lately that a turn of good luck should be grudged them. The Government will, perhaps, meet with its reward at the next election, though here also the coincidence can be but imaginary. The eccentric administration which has collected the plant of a railway *pour rire* at Souakim, and has then discovered that it is not

wanted, is a more legitimate subject of comment. But even this is too characteristic of the present Government, and, to speak accurately, of most English Governments, to require much discussion. With the little army and the little navy, and the probably far from little commissariat and camp equipment of all sorts, General EARLE, or whosoever is charged with the command, will doubtless be able to travel to Khartoum, or to Gondokoro, or to the Congo, or across the length of Africa, till he is warned off by the Boers or Herr LÜDERITZ. It is true that the precise conditions and route of such a progress cannot even yet be indicated with certainty. It having been reported that all the boats are to be constructed in England, it has since been reported that all the boats are to be provided on the Nile. Again, the river appears to be behaving badly in the matter of water; and pessimists are doubting whether, after giving up Souakim for Wady Halfa and the desert for the river, it will not be necessary to give up Wady Halfa for Souakim and the river for the desert. In short, the details of the expedition are subject even now to as much uncertainty as the motives and resolution of its designers. There is even a valiant effort made to protest against any deviation from the policy of "Rescue and retire"; and it is urged, perhaps not without other motives than those which appear on the surface, that terrible things will follow the appearance of English troops at Dongola. With all this, however, we have at present little to do. There is, let it be repeated, no doubt that, by this way or that, General EARLE will be able to go as far as he is permitted to go, or, if he is one of the better kind of British officer, as far as he can make an excuse for going. There is no difficulty in the matter of extending the preparations to any limit. There never has been any difficulty in so doing.

The proceedings, however, with which in themselves there is no fault to find, bring before the mind more forcibly than ever the extraordinary incuriousness or the extraordinary good nature of the English people. The present preparations are the third set of preparations which have taken place within two years, or, to speak with extreme accuracy, twenty-six months. In the summer of 1882 England entered into preparations, as distinguished from operations, against ARAB. In the spring of 1884 she entered into preparations, as distinguished from operations, against OSMAN DIGMA. We "prepared" some thousands of Egyptians out of the world two years ago; we prepared more thousands of Arabs out of the world six months ago. What will be the result of the present, or third, Egyptian expedition no man can say. But perhaps some simple people may wonder whether in the first place thorough operations instead of vacillating preparations would not have saved Expeditions Two and Three, and whether the same change in Expedition Two would not at any rate have saved Expedition Three. On this occasion it happens that the simplicity of the simple is fully justified. It is impossible to discern any reason whatever why what is being done now was not done at least as soon as HICKS PASHA's defeat was known; it is very difficult to see why something of the same kind (it could have been done much more easily and on a much smaller scale) was not done as the necessary sequel and completion of Tel-el-Kebir. How much trouble, expense, blood, misery, and disgrace would have been spared every one now sees. Yet, when comments are made on the Egyptian mismanagement of the Government, they are denounced as unworthy attempts to draw the attention of the people of England away from the all-important subject of the Franchise Bill, and as ungenerous refusals to recognize the activity which the Government is displaying in the matter of preparations as distinguished from operations.

There being absolutely no reason of a kind properly influential with soldiers or statesmen why what is being done now should not have been done long ago, speculation has naturally been rife as to the reasons of another kind which may have been operative. Some simple and obvious motives have been hinted at above; but, as has been said, they require no discussion. Restless observers have naturally gone further afield, and have discovered that the cause to which England is indebted for a relapse into reasonable and manly policy, and Egypt for salvation from gradual absorption by barbarians, is the Mudir of DONGOLA. There really seems to be considerable credit due to this singular person, who possesses in some perfection the two great qualities of Oriental statesmanship—obstinacy and astuteness. The history of his dealings with the situation is really curious, and suggests that, if the precedents of

reputation transported from the East to English political life were not almost uniformly disastrous, MUSTAPHA BEY YOWER would be a valuable party leader in the House of Commons. The general course of the MUDIR's conduct almost suggests that he and General GORDON must have interchanged the famous telegram "Stick." It was more difficult for the MUDIR to stick than for General GORDON, because he was nearer to the centres of vacillation at Cairo and London. He has, however, directed his conduct, or at least his despatches, with extreme skill; he has alternately gained brilliant victories, and been sorely pressed by the rebels; he has now been effusively loyal and now just on the point of joining the MAHDI; he has at one time been the furthest outpost of civilization, and at another an indispensable middle term to an outpost further still; that is to say, Khartoum. Of course his abilities and his achievements are in danger of exaggeration, and have probably been exaggerated after the fashion of the British journalist. But enough is certainly known of the singular ingenuity with which he has fought against the scuttling policy to make it clear that England owes a good deal to the Mudir of DONGOLA.

The fact of England being saved in spite of herself, or, rather, of her governors and advisers, by purely private action (for General GORDON's action after his desertion by the Government some months ago has been almost purely private, and the Mudir of DONGOLA's is more so) is one of the most frequent and remarkable in English history. Our rulers have constantly passed their time in making ruinous signals, and comparatively insignificant persons have passed theirs in turning a blind eye to these signals and saving the State. The fact is extremely interesting to the philosophic student of history, and may, perhaps, be reassuring to Englishmen who happen to be of a sanguine temperament. It is, however, rather nervous work trusting to a repetition of it, at least in the case of those who are not extraordinarily sanguine; and it is impossible not to think that perhaps it might be wiser to select governors who will not make the wrong signals. In this Egyptian matter we have, to speak metaphorically, had an almost unheard of run of Mudirs of Dongola from the day when the French fleet steamed off at Alexandria to this present day. Perhaps it is confidence in Providence, or perhaps common politeness, which has led the Government to behave in every case as if a Mudir of Dongola were certain to turn up, and must be provided with an opportunity of showing his capacity and his goodwill. At any rate, it must be admitted that they have invariably so behaved. Hitherto, the Mudirs of Dongola have been unfailing; and, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE is in power, there seems to be nothing to do but to pray for more power to their elbow.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE ways of the German official journalists are not as our ways, nor is their language that which we are accustomed to employ. Their hints are those of the proverbial Irishman, and all their suggestions are made with a pikestaff. When we "believe our opponent has been misinformed," they give him the lie direct; when we "hint a fault and hesitate dislike," they are ready with an open declaration of war. Their strong, if not forcible, denunciations may have the intended effect in their own country; to foreigners who are used to fence with rapiers rather than battle-axes they appear somewhat uncouth. We are inclined to smile rather than to tremble when it is insinuated that the united armies of Germany and France are about to stable their steeds in St. Paul's or one of the sacred shrines of India. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the writer who employs such threats is serious, though we cannot help wondering that Prince BISMARCK, who insists so loudly on the necessity of courtesy in political discussion at home, should not think it worth while to muzzle some of the young lions of the *Post* and the *Cologne Gazette*.

In the same way, when we are told that Prince BISMARCK and Count KALNOGY have met to plot—or is it to decree?—the downfall of the British Empire, we are inclined to reply in the words of the German schoolboy, "Bange machen gilt nicht." We know very well that if the CHANCELLOR intended to strike at our power, the blow would be silent and sudden. There would have been no meeting in Varzin, the pack of semi-official journalists would not now be in full cry. But, knowing this, we are too apt to overlook the real significance both of the meeting and of the irritation displayed

by that part of the press which is known to derive its inspiration from the Foreign Office. Even if the action of the *Möve* on the Western Coast of Africa should prove to have been less high-handed than at first appeared, it is clear that great irritation against this country exists in Germany. The outcry of the press must not be taken too seriously; these angry articles must doubtless be considered as a warning rather than a threat; and there is already a certain lull in them; but the news of the present week has shown that the difference between the two Governments is more serious than we were inclined to suppose, and whatever Prince BISMARCK's treatment of his Parliamentary opponents may have been, he has hitherto shown no petulance in directing the foreign policy of his country. If the cordial relations which till lately existed between England and Germany have grown colder, and the CHANCELLOR is no longer ready to lend us his support when the vital interests of our Empire are concerned, there must be a reason for the change; and the sooner we discover what that reason is, and realize the facts of our new position, the better it will be. It is certain that the action of Germany will be determined by Prince BISMARCK's estimate of her interests. Even if he regards Mr. GLADSTONE personally with dislike rather than amusement, which it is hard to believe, he will not allow that feeling to determine his policy, nor will he be moved by a sentimental respect for the "kinship of the two nations" any more than Lord PALMERSTON was when he exerted himself to the utmost to exclude Prussia from the Congress of Paris. To him England is simply a factor in the great problem of European politics.

As long as our own action is determined by the same motives, there is every reason why Germany should desire our friendship. We are known to be anxious for the preservation of peace; our interests on the Continent are but few, and none of them are likely to come into conflict with those of the allied Empires; our insular position renders it easy for us to be impartial; our voice should always be for moderation; and, with no unsatisfied ambitions, we have power enough to lend it weight. Great Britain is therefore the very ally which a German Conservative statesman would desire. But, if the action of her Ministers is determined, not by a candid consideration of the interests of the country, but by a sentimental love of France and French Republicanism, of Russia and the Russian Church; if they go out of their way to declare that the friendship of these countries alone has any value for them, and prove by their actions that they are ready to purchase it at almost any price, the whole situation is changed; England has forfeited the high position she held; she is no longer free, but ranged among those who desire to thwart the plans of Germany; and it must become the object of the leading statesmen of that country not to advance the interests of England, but to sow division between her and the objects of her somewhat doting fondness.

If the Imperial CHANCELLOR has hitherto abstained from all overt hostility, and given several proofs of his goodwill to this country even since the present Administration came into power, this has probably been due to various considerations. He knows that the life of a Cabinet is short, while that of a nation is long, and that national antipathies are far more serious than the caprices of a popular Minister. He is aware that no aversion to Germany is entertained by the great majority of Englishmen, and that no Government, however powerful, would be able to force the country into an offensive Continental war. Perhaps, too, he is vain enough to fancy that he has little reason to dread the results of Mr. GLADSTONE's diplomacy. At any rate he has hitherto preserved an attitude of imperturbable courtesy, and he would probably have continued to do so if a question of real importance had not arisen in which the interests of the two countries are far from being identical, though there is no reason why they should not be brought into harmony. It is because the dislike of Germany, so ostentatiously displayed by certain members of our present Ministry, is likely to lend acrimony to the discussion that it is chiefly to be regretted.

Some weeks ago we made a few remarks on the Colonial aspirations of Germany. Since then hardly a day has passed without bringing some new proof of the interest taken by persons of all classes in the various schemes that have been discussed. This enthusiasm is doubtless in great part sentimental, but it is far from being entirely so. The patriot desires an outlet for the surplus population, where it may not be swallowed up by foreign elements, and thus entirely

lost to the country; the man of commerce believes that the Colonies would open up new markets for German produce. Both these considerations have doubtless had their weight with Prince BISMARCK. The social reforms on which his heart is set will impose considerable burdens on the manufacturer, who will thus be handicapped in the great race of European competition. Is it not possible to provide him with some compensation for the sacrifices which the humanity of the State demands of him? The first answer to this question was the return to the Protective tariff, the second the announcement of the new Colonial policy.

But where are these Colonies to be formed? The statement of a German newspaper that England lays claim to every unoccupied or savage district which has not already been seized by some other Power is absurd, and yet it is a fact that there is hardly a spot where the establishment of a strong German settlement would not be viewed with distrust by some neighbouring body of Englishmen. We have become so used to regard the uttermost ends of the earth as our own, that it seems strange to us that another nation should pretend to have any part or lot in determining their future, and those of our fellow-countrymen who have been brought into contact with German emigrants know that, if they are once organized, they are likely to become far more dangerous rivals than the French. Their jealousy, therefore, is neither unnatural nor groundless. What seems to us an unimportant outpost is their home, the centre of their interests, the point of view from which they regard all political affairs. It is only by realizing this fact that we are able to understand the action of the authorities at the Cape and the late debate in the Parliament there. And after seriously weighing what has been said and done, we must confess we can hardly wonder that Germans should think the English Government has paltered with them in a double sense, and

kept the word of promise to the ear
To break it to their hope.

There can be no doubt that England can lay great, probably for the present insuperable, difficulties in the way of Germany, if she is willing to pay the price of such a course of action. While acknowledging the abstract right of the Germans to found colonies, she may assert a plausible claim to almost every district in which this can be done with any hope of success. But such a course of action would involve a great coldness, if not an open rupture, between the two Governments. If it is adopted, we must expect to find Prince BISMARCK among the number of our opponents whenever a question nearer home, like that of Egypt, has to be argued before the European tribunal. When we remember that our present rulers have already shown themselves unwilling to defend our military honour and unable to protect our native allies in Southern Africa, it seems absurd that they should incur this danger for the purpose of excluding Germany from that part of the world or limiting her influence there.

It is not, however, Southern Africa alone that is in question. It is now clear that the design of occupying a part, at least, of New Guinea has been under serious consideration at Berlin, and the irritation of the German press is probably due quite as much to our virtual annexation of that island as to the action of Cape Colony. Even if these schemes have been finally abandoned, which we doubt, the attention of the German Government has assuredly been directed to some other quarter, and, we repeat, there is no suitable spot on the face of the earth where a new German settlement would not be likely to excite the jealousy of some English colonists.

This is inconvenient; but it is best to face the difficulty openly. As we pointed out in the article above referred to, there are districts till now unoccupied which are, for military and other reasons, of vital importance to our possessions, and these must be secured at any price. There is, however, no reason to believe that the German Government would be disinclined to consider any representations made to it on this score, or to respect objections that were obviously reasonable. The feelings of our fellow-countrymen beyond the seas must also be considered, and they will naturally resent the neighbourhood of foreigners, and murmur at the supineness of the Home Government that admits their claims. But the foreign policy of every country is a game of give and take, and if we desire the support of Germany in Egypt we must be ready to make concessions elsewhere. The fact that the Germans share our aversion to every form of slavery, and that they have no intention of establishing penal settlements, will make this easier than it

would otherwise have been. Yet, taken at its best, it is the most difficult question which has presented itself to the Colonial Office for many years, and this very difficulty is the reason why it should be considered seriously, as a whole, and at once.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST MEN.

THE judicious will have learnt with conflicting emotions that Lord COLERIDGE has decided not to write a book about America. To the decision itself—at least on the grounds stated in the only published report of it to which we have had access—it would be impossible to take exception. "I cannot," he writes, "knock off a dissertation on a great country of infinitely complicated elements and 'endless variety of social aspects in half an hour.' We find no morbid diffidence in this; and, if it disappoints those persons, whoever they are, who have been asking Lord COLERIDGE to write a book about America in half an hour, they must be extremely unreasonable. The thing simply cannot be done. A quarter of an hour for the 'infinitely complicated elements,' and another quarter for 'the endless variety of social aspects,' would be an absurdly small allowance; and Lord COLERIDGE was undoubtedly right in declining to attempt the feat proposed to him. But the rebuke which he thus tacitly administers to the hasty book-maker does not, in our judgment, give occasion for such un-mixed rejoicing as it has excited in one not wholly disinterested quarter. It is not clear gain to discourage the mob of 'globe-trotters' who write with ease; nor would all go well if the circulating libraries ceased to pullulate with those 'impressions of travel' which appear to have been produced by a sort of 'instantaneous photography' of the mind. That interesting lady athlete, the author of *Through Siberia on a Sociable*, might no longer, when 're-turning on her silver wheels,' enlighten us as to the laws, manners, institutions, and political future of the countries which she is in the habit of 'doing' in company with her husband in successive Augusts and Septembers; but, though we should feel unquestionably grateful for her silence, the cup of our contentment would not even then be absolutely full. It may, alas, be taken as a far too general truth, that human chatter, like gout, rebellion, and—before the modern development of our detective system—murder, 'will out.' Its resemblance to gout is especially striking in that its suppression appears to produce the most painful and even alarming effects upon those who are subject to it; so that nature usually insists on finding it some outlet. And as with the physical, so, we fear, with the mental malady. If it does not come out in the hand, it will show itself in the foot. The fewer 'impressions of travel' to be met with in the circulating library, the more of them will find their way into the newspapers and magazines.

There was, indeed, a touching ingenuousness in the praise bestowed upon Lord COLERIDGE's literary self-denial by the chief representative of modern "enterprise" in daily journalism. The *Pall Mall Gazette* deprecating the popular and sensational in literature, gently chiding publishers who run after distinguished names, and in general mildly reproving all those who are concerned in inciting or assisting the "heroes of the hour" to discuss the "topics of the day"—within cloth covers—presented to the reader of its opening remarks on the subject a spectacle which edified even while it surprised. It was delightful to know that even this pioneer of journalistic emancipation "confessed to a sneaking sympathy with the old-fashioned and 'pedantic notion—the antiquated idea that books should 'contain literature, something that has stuff in it and will 'wear, something that has body in it and will keep.' How nice it would be if all books did 'contain literature'! so nice, indeed, that we ought not in charity to impute any other motive than a zeal for instruction and enlightenment to any preacher upon so inspiring a text. But unfortunately, in one form or other, the old suspicion will recur. 'Vous êtes orfèvre, M. JOSSE.' It is impossible for our M. JOSSE to disguise the fact; and at last the coy secret peeps bashfully out. 'On the other hand,' continues the censor, 'is there not a good deal to be said in defence of 'the popular demand for the kind of writing which 'Lord COLERIDGE is not willing to supply?' Why, yes, he demurely replies, he really thinks there is. The demand is not a demand for literature; it is a demand for conversation. It would be 'very absurd to wish to 'hear Lord COLERIDGE philosophize about America'—we

wonder if Lord COLERIDGE himself thinks it would be so absurd—"but it is very natural to wish to hear him talk about it." But a book, "a book with its permanence, its formality, its inevitable pretentiousness," is not a proper place for a talk. Ask a man to write a book, and he ceases to talk and begins to lecture. The means by which "some part of the talk of the best men may be conveyed to the great body of the intelligent public" have yet to be discovered, or rather, perhaps, they have not to be discovered, having been devised already. For "are they not to be found, we make the suggestion with all humility, in—ahem!—the interview!"

But why, one feels inclined to ask, why "with humility," M. JOSSE? The trade of the goldsmith is an honest one, and he has a perfect right to push it, even if in so doing he happens to injure a rival industry. And the public, after all, are their own masters in this respect. If they prefer the newspaper "interview," with its frank indifference to "permanence" and "formality," and its utter absence of "pretentiousness," to the oppositely characterized work of the book-maker, why apologize for supplying them with the article they prefer? The fact that the public take kindly to the one form of reading and neglect the other is, at least according to all modern canons of conduct, a sufficient justification to any one who makes it his business to gratify their tastes. Nay, the business itself may become something more than legitimate. Considered as a means of bringing the "talk of some of our best men" to the "great body of the intelligent public," it is even an ennobling occupation. "Half-hours with our Best Men" may thus be made to contribute even more—in quantity—to the mental sustenance of mankind than the same periods of time spent in the company of the "best authors." We are so sure, too, of getting their best talk out of our best men under these circumstances of colloquy. A "best man," it is notorious, is never in such "form" as when closeted with a newspaper reporter, note-book in hand. All is then so easy, so natural, so unconstrained. If the "best man" is also a modest and retiring man, who has only been brought by considerable pressure to consent to the interview, he feels so kindly towards his interviewer that concealment even of his inmost feelings becomes impossible to him, and the adoption of a conventional tone of thought and expression is not for a moment to be feared. If, on the other hand, he is a vain man, the occasion is one which so far removes him from all temptations to display that nothing in the nature of sham epigram or insincere rhetoric is in the least likely to escape him. It is, in a word, so simple and natural a thing for one of our best men to talk before an audience of several thousand newspaper readers; he is so certain, under such circumstances, not "to cease to talk and to begin to lecture," that the superiority of interviewing over book-making as a means of public instruction is at once established. Moreover, we ought to add a consideration which the modesty of our "interviewer-in-chief" has, perhaps, forbidden him to notice. It is not to the conversation of our best men only that the "interview" is applicable. It may be used to convey to the great body of the intelligent public the ideas and language of many other persons in whom they are interested—ideas which it would be quite impossible to commit to the permanent, the formal, the inevitably pretentious book. Take, for instance, that "unfortunate noblewoman"—if we may so adapt a familiar phrase—who is periodically harassed by the police authorities on the subject of her too plentiful domestic pets. It would be "absurd to wish to hear" this lady "philosophize" about her cats. But, on the other hand, it is "very natural" to wish to hear her talk about them; and this very natural desire the interviewer has within the last day or two enabled "the great body of the intelligent public" to gratify.

THE PRESIDENCY IN AMERICA.

PATRIOTIC English journalists who are hired by American capitalists to promote revolution in their own country may perhaps be surprised to learn that even in the United States there is some difference of opinion as to the perfection of the national institutions. It seems that Mr. BAGEHOT and other modern interpreters of the system of government which actually prevails in England have at last obtained a hearing in America. Serious political students begin to understand that the theories which were combated by the authors of the Declaration of Independence

were even then obsolete, and that they now only survive as fictions. Mr. LOCKWOOD of the New York Bar proposes, in a book which displays creditable research, the abolition of the Presidency and, it may be added, of the United States Senate. His object is explained in a dedication to "every American Citizen who believes in a representative Government, with an Executive responsible to the will of the People." In other words, he wishes to get rid of all restraint on the will of the majority; and his strongest argument is derived from the precedent of a purer democracy which he finds existing in England. His proposals have for the present little practical importance, because the complicated American Constitution is probably the most stable that is to be found in any civilized country. The nation which regards it with traditional and legitimate pride may not perhaps fully appreciate the value of the elaborate checks and balances which have, to a great extent, justified the forethought of the original founders. The claims of democratic supremacy are ostensibly satisfied by a House of Representatives returned from equal electoral districts by a suffrage which has long since become universal. The rights of property and the permanence of fundamental institutions are protected by a Senate, elected by constituencies which are studiously made unequal, by a Supreme Court which interprets the Constitution, and by a President who is not responsible to Congress, either for the exercise of the veto or for any act within the limits of his constitutional prerogative. His Cabinet has no legal power, except what it derives from his instructions; and except in extraordinary cases he has nothing to fear from the cumbrous process of impeachment. The inferences which Mr. LOCKWOOD draws from an accurate statement of the relations of the different branches of Government are generally logical; though they will have little weight with Americans or Englishmen who regard with invincible scepticism the divine right of the numerical majority.

The fear of some of WASHINGTON's contemporaries that he or his successors might establish a virtual, and perhaps a hereditary, monarchy appears, in spite of long experience, still to weigh on the minds of Republican purists. After a lapse of nearly a hundred years, their equanimity is still disturbed when they read of the royal fashions of a President who attended the ceremony of inauguration in a coach and six with outriders, and who, in imitation of the English etiquette, summoned the Houses of Congress to his presence. Some of Mr. LOCKWOOD's criticisms on the real or supposed encroachments of later Presidents are just and instructive; and it is not impossible to sympathize with the eloquent protests of WEBSTER, of CLAY, and of CALHOUN against the usurpations of ANDREW JACKSON. Their warnings would have been still more interesting if they had not been relegated by time into the long catalogue of unfulfilled prophecies. No President has yet assumed the crown; and if some of them have committed questionable acts, they have only shared in human liability to error. General GRANT was from time to time, principally because he was a successful military commander, accused by his enemies of ambitious designs. His attempt to acquire territory in Dominica, though it may perhaps have been scarcely constitutional, was without violence or irregularity defeated by the refusal of Congress to sanction the enterprise. The interference of Federal troops, under the President's orders, in State elections caused more active jealousy; but Mr. LOCKWOOD holds that General GRANT's successor, Mr. HAYES, perpetrated a graver irregularity in refusing to vindicate by armed force the rights of two lawfully elected Governors of States. Foreigners would be ill advised in forming or expressing opinions on doubtful questions of the constitutional law of the United States; but they are fully entitled to form the conclusion that no American President has increased the permanent authority of his office. At the present time the contest for the Presidency between the nominees of the two great parties excites but a languid interest, even among contending politicians. Mr. ARTHUR, the actual President, lately urged Congress to propose a Constitutional Amendment by which the veto might be applied to parts of a money Bill without imposing on the Executive the necessity of rejecting the whole. The proposal, which would evidently have tended to increase in one department the power of the President, seems not to have been even taken into consideration. It is in the highest degree improbable that so revolutionary a measure as the abolition of the Presidency should be seriously discussed when the Legislature possesses facilities so ample for protecting itself against the Executive. The propensity of theorists, and especially of democratic

levellers, to prefer apparent symmetry to practical convenience is illustrated by Mr. LOCKWOOD's paradoxical proposition that the Articles of Confederation, which nearly led to the collapse of the Union, were, in so "far as" the Executive authority is concerned, far superior to "the Constitution of the United States under which we" live to-day, and better calculated to ensure peace, tranquillity, liberty, and good government." In the earlier and abortive Constitution there was no President or Senate, and "we look in vain for those monocratic forms" which were afterwards adopted." The institution of the Senate, which is oddly called "monocratic," was intended to serve purposes which have since become less important; but there is no part of the American system which has been more conspicuously successful. It was intended that equal representation in the Senate should operate as a security for the reserved independence of the several States. The founders of the present Union could not fail to perceive that in giving Rhode Island an equal voice in the Senate with Virginia or New York they were establishing an artificial anomaly; but they, perhaps, thought that, while it was their main object to protect State rights, some incidental advantage might arise from an interruption of the monotony of numerical preponderance. From the time of the Civil War, the power of the several States has been practically curtailed, and Rhode Island and Delaware are no longer seriously regarded as sovereign communities. Nevertheless the Senate is still far more powerful than the House of Representatives, not only through its control of foreign affairs, but in consequence of the great superiority of its members in ability, in influence, and in moral character. Only a few Senators have yielded to the pecuniary temptations which have sometimes been found irresistible in Congress. The obvious explanation of the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Senate is that its members are appointed not by the people but by the State Legislatures. It oddly happens that the machinery of secondary election, which had been deliberately applied to the choice of a President, failed from its first commencement. The Presidential electors became mere delegates or mouthpieces, because they were appointed only for a special purpose. The State Legislatures, having already an independent existence, have always acted on their own discretion in the election of Senators. The proposal of abolishing the best element in the political fabric of the United States is highly characteristic of a political projector. Mr. LOCKWOOD shares the peculiarities of the class to which he belongs, though his industry, his ability, and his evident sincerity entitle him to respectful attention.

By far the most valuable part of his work consists in his exposition of the Constitution of England, which in its modern form and in its practical operation he prefers to the American system. The qualities which command his approval are in some instances of doubtful utility. The Ministers are, as he rightly understands, a Parliamentary Committee through which the majority of the House of Commons exercises supreme power. The House of Lords provides the only check on the arbitrary power which is ultimately vested in the majority of electors, and it has for some time only claimed a suspensory veto. The controversy which now occupies the newspapers only relates to the greater or less duration of the delay, or rather to the mode by which the issue is to be decided. No peer and no politician contends that the opinion of the Commons must not ultimately prevail, if it is approved by the constituencies. The President by his veto, the Senate, as an independent and coequal branch of the Legislature, and, in the case of a Constitutional Amendment, the State Legislatures or Conventions, have a more ready and more absolute power of defeating any objectionable measure which might be passed by the Lower House of Congress. In England there is no Supreme Court which can declare an Act of Parliament to be invalid on the ground that it is unconstitutional. The Constitution has, in fact, never been embodied in formal propositions; and any Parliament can reverse at pleasure the decisions of its predecessor.

CAT-POISONING.

IT is curious that the law of England should take such immense trouble about dogs, and yet leave other pets very much at the mercy of cruel and ill-disposed people. The dog is the subject of several offences created by statute. He is property, and can be stolen. He and his owners are

further protected by it being held that a dog is not "ferocious" until he has actually bitten some one. Cats, which are as affectionate and pleasant companions as dogs to those who understand them, appear certainly not to be under the protection of those who administer the law, if we may judge by a case recently reported from the Thames Police Court. It appears that a lady applied to the magistrate for a summons against a neighbour who had poisoned her favourite cat. The animal had strayed into the neighbour's yard and returned into the lady's garden with a piece of meat in her mouth which the neighbour had given her. Before her mistress could interfere, the cat ate the meat and immediately fell down dead. The lady explained that this was the second cat she had lost in the same way, and that many friends of hers had lost cats which were believed to have been poisoned by the same man. The magistrate "told the" applicant that he could not help her in the matter; her "only remedy would be in the County Court." Acts of Parliament so seldom mean what they appear to say, that we should be loth to attempt to criticize his worship's law; but it does seem hard that a summons should not have been granted when there exists such an Act as the 11 & 12 Vict. cap. 43, which imposes a penalty not exceeding 10*l.* on any person who lays poisoned grain or meat on any land, except in enclosed places so fenced that no dog can get in; and further enacts that a punishment of not exceeding six calendar months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, or a forfeit over and above the value, not exceeding 20*l.*, may be inflicted by summary conviction on "whosoever shall unlawfully and maliciously kill, maim, or wound" any dog, bird, beast, or other animal, not being cattle, but "being either the subject of larceny at common law or" being ordinarily kept in confinement or for any domestic "purpose." *Oke's Magisterial Digest*, in explanation of what is an animal not the subject of larceny at common law, but coming under this section of the Act, refers to a note on another section of the same Act, which makes the unlawful possession of such animals or their skins penal. This note gives the following list:—bears, foxes, monkeys, polecats, cats, ferrets, thrushes, singing birds in general, parrots and squirrels, and also badgers, hawks, herons, falcons, goats, and rooks. How far this Act is a dead letter we cannot say; but we sincerely trust that there is some simple means of punishing malicious people who destroy or injure our pets. Cats have always had a hard time of persecution from thoughtless and coarse-minded people who could not, or would not, see their charm; but, as cat fancying is gradually growing, we ought to be able to rouse the property-protecting instincts of the British public. A cat which has won several valuable prizes, and is likely to win more, has a large intrinsic value; and already we find that it is difficult to buy a well-bred kitten in the market for less than a pound, and a really high-bred kitten of a fancy race will often sell for three or four guineas when just old enough to leave its mother. We hope that cat-lovers and cat-fanciers will try and try again until they succeed in finding the right way of punishing those who wilfully destroy valuable property, to say nothing of inflicting most serious annoyance on harmless and inoffensive neighbours.

IRELAND.

IT is impossible to say whether the flattering mention of the state of Ireland which occurred in the QUEEN'S Speech has stirred up Irishmen to vindicate their national character; but it is certain that in the brief time since Parliament rose an unusual number of serious outrages have been committed. One of these—the murder of the farmer McMAHON in Clare—is as brutal, as daring, and as thoroughly characteristic an act as any that the party of Mr. PARNELL have ventured upon. It is not, however, these occurrences, or the attempts to carry out a system of outrage against Orangemen to which Lord ROSMORE has drawn attention, that require most notice or that call, after some interval, for reference to Irish affairs. Although the favourite weapons of violent intimidation and of murder are not disused, they have been supplemented, and in part superseded, by a fresh fashion of attack on the English Government and on English rule. The knife has been found to be somewhat dangerous, and despite the recent slackening of Lord SPENCER'S hands, likely to bring unpleasant consequences on the practitioners of this mode of protest. The libellous paragraph, the private persecution of prominent Crown officials, whose ill-luck or misconduct has brought them into

difficulties, and, lastly, the trumping up of legends about the sufficiency of the evidence on which former offenders have been convicted, have taken the place of the more straightforward weapons and methods affected by Messrs. BRADY and KELLY. A new breed of public enemy has thus arisen, and in and out of Parliament the campaign is being carried on with zeal, and, thanks to the mistakes of the Government, not without a certain kind of success, though the necessity of submitting matters to a jury in the last resort has interfered with the complete triumph of the plan. Even in Ireland jurors are wont to require something more than the evidence that satisfies a Roman Catholic Archbishop or a Nationalist editor.

It is characteristic of the new method of campaign and of the men adopting it that their proceedings are, in great part, such as scarcely admit of full discussion in the columns of a periodical which does not cater for the public of the Irish Nationalist press. The facts are known with sufficient exactness to most readers of the daily newspapers. Availing themselves of one of the blacker scandals which unfortunately taint more or less the atmosphere of all great cities, and securing the services of a notorious person who has lately gone through his allotted punishment for misconduct committed while he held the responsible office of a detective-inspector, certain of Mr. PARNELL's understrappers have been endeavouring to bring or to insinuate charges of an atrocious kind against various Government officials. In one case they have been repeatedly cast for heavy damages in actions for libel; in another their victim has been acquitted on the main count; and in the preliminary proceedings it was shown that the man MEIKLEJOHN and another person, who seems to belong to a respectable profession, had been tampering, under false pretences, with ALICE CARROLL, one of the witnesses in the Dublin murder trials. This latter proceeding, and the boast of one of the organs of the party that damages are of no account to them, as their principal literary braves are men of straw, sufficiently characterize the whole proceedings. Probably MEIKLEJOHN and the witnesses against Mr. CORNWALL will appear as Nationalist candidates for Irish seats; for the normal supply of gutter journalists, young persons of literary aspirations, retired tradesmen, and Government clerks "with a pinsion" must be getting low. But the most dangerous, if not the most disgraceful, of the recent attempts to sap the foundation of English rule in Ireland is that to which the Roman Catholic clergy have inconsiderately lent themselves. In consequence of what inducement it is impossible to say, some of the subordinate witnesses in the Maamtrasna case have accused themselves of murderous perjury, and another charge of at least attempted subornation has since been made or reported. It is vain, no doubt, to urge—what appears to have escaped the reverend discoverers of the alleged perjury as to the JOYCE murder—that while law and reason very justly forbid that misconduct of any other kind should throw doubt on the testimony of a properly corroborated witness, acknowledgment of perjury necessarily vitiates, unless strongly corroborated, the testimony of the acknowledger. But even these pious and unworldly persons might have remembered that the authors of the most brutal butchery yet committed in the present Irish agitation were convicted on ample evidence entirely independent of that of the exemplary persons who, by their own account, have on one occasion or another told hideous lies. The mere rumour of a witness recanting his evidence weakens the Government, and that is all that is wanted.

It is very unfortunate, but not so surprising as it would have been a year ago, that the conduct of the Government itself has been such as to play into the hands of Mr. O'BRIEN and his associates. The relapse into vacillation and unreason which came upon Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN in the matter of the Nationalist meetings in Ulster appears not to have spent its force. In reference to the detestable matter called the Dublin scandals, inquiry was put off far too long, and, when resolved on, was conducted with an awkward appearance of wishing to make up by severe and violent action for previous inactivity or connivance. Still more unwise—it is possible to go further and say still more unjust—was the conduct of the Government towards Mr. BOLTON. After several discussions on the subject, and at an early hour in the morning towards the close of the Session, Ministers consented to an act of routine severity against this official, as to which act they cannot possibly escape one of two charges. If what they agreed to do was in accordance with the rules of the Civil Service, it ought to have been done long before; if it was

not, Mr. BOLTON ought never to have been abandoned to the clamour of men who notoriously persecute him simply and solely because he is an energetic, faithful, and efficient servant of the Crown. Lastly, the answer to the demand for an inquiry into the Maamtrasna matter has been postponed in a manner betraying the same vacillation and the same want of statesmanship. It is said that a fitting answer has been at last returned, but only after an interval and in a manner which will certainly suggest indecision and a desire to propitiate and conciliate rather than to govern. It is needless to say to any Englishman (and to any Irishman of the Nationalist type it would be useless to say it) that there is no intention here of recommending the covering of false witness or the shielding of improper practices, whether their impropriety consist in mere pecuniary irregularity or in the deepest moral delinquency on the part of Crown officials. Each and all of the charges, some absurd, some already declared libellous, some as yet pending against Government servants, should have been rigidly and strictly investigated by the Government which has the most ample means for such investigation. But this should have been done rapidly, unostentatiously, and in such a fashion as to enable the Crown either to cut off the offending branches at once, or to support them with all its power against those who strive to break them. For the most guileless person living will not credit the prime movers in these cases (whether they are cases of injurious imputation on the morals and actions of Crown servants or attempts to throw doubt on the trustworthiness of Crown witnesses) with disinterested zeal for public morality. Compounding with creditors is not a proceeding regarded with any abstract horror in Ireland, and Mr. BOLTON's inability to meet his engagements might, we may be sure, have passed totally unnoticed by the Irish group in Parliament if he had not been active in sending some of the more zealous and less adroit members of their party to the gallows. Were any leader of the Parnellite party to be suspected (the supposition is, of course, made purely for argument's sake) of private immorality, he would hardly, so long as he continued on good terms with that party, be held up to obloquy by their organs; and we have not yet heard of any instance of their bringing to justice a murderer who has hitherto escaped, or furnishing the Crown with the names of any of the authors of the numerous crimes which, from Lord LEITRIM's death downwards, have recently gone unpunished in Ireland. The animus of the accusers is, of course, no reason for denying inquiry into the crime. But it is a reason for giving the utmost countenance and assistance to the accused, unless they appear to be clearly guilty. It is the common talk of Ireland, and it is said to be the notorious boast of some of the anti-English party, that every official who has been zealous in the suppression of crime during the last few years will be in some way or other harried and persecuted. A conspiracy of this kind can only be met by a course of conduct on the part of the authorities very different from that which has been followed in the cases under consideration and in others.

RAILWAYS.

OF all the subjects discussed at this season in the daily papers, there is only one on which letter-writers are unanimous. The mismanagement and dangers of the railways, of which we wrote last week, have been the theme of numerous letters, to judge by which the Railway Companies must stand in a very strange attitude towards the public. To put the case simply; the public are customers, and the Companies have a certain ware to sell—namely, locomotion. It might be supposed that the Companies would wish to sell as much of their ware as possible, and would put every kind of inducement before travellers to tempt them to buy. But a perfect stranger—one who did not know what a railway was—would judge very differently of the Companies and their customers if he either read the correspondence or, by way of experiment, went on a railway journey. So far from encouraging travellers, the Companies add discomfort to danger and expense to uncertainty, and plainly say, "We do not want to take you at all; but, if you must come, you will have to submit to our terms, however unreasonable." There are, of course, exceptions, and it must be allowed that in the suburbs of London there is much good management shown, owing, however, not to any special benevolence on the part of the Companies, but to sharp competition and the ease of finding

some other way of travelling. Even in the suburbs, indeed, the railway we mentioned last week forms an exception to the rule; and no traveller by the South-Western line can flatter himself that his presence is not extremely irksome to the Company, who show the utmost unwillingness to take him at all, and the utmost alacrity in getting rid of him by accident or otherwise. The object of this policy is not very evident. The loss suffered by this Company when two of the great mail lines of steamers ceased to run from Southampton must have been considerable, and could easily have been avoided. It is no secret that the Company refused very moderate concessions. The rebuke administered to the Company by the Board of Trade relates only to the needless dangers to which travellers on this line are exposed; but the want of business capacity is shown all round.

Mr. CONDER, in an interesting letter published in the *Times* of Tuesday, points out the difference between English and French railway earnings and its cause. The French lines in twenty years have reduced their capital charge, which was practically the same in England, by 3,635% per mile, while the English lines in the same time have increased theirs by 9,213%. The reason is to be found in the different principle on which the traffic is carried on. The French railways decline to carry unremunerative traffic, and heavy transport is thrown on the canals and rivers, to the great advantage both of the Railways and the Canal Companies. Our great canal system is almost, in many places quite, unused; and our Railway Companies are carrying goods that cannot pay; the mineral tonnage, for instance, is more than double the goods tonnage, and yet only twenty-two per cent. of the gross income of the railways is derived from it. Mr. CONDER thinks, and we have no doubt he is right, that if our railways adopted the sound rule of only carrying such goods as can afford to pay remunerative freights, they would rival the prosperity of the French lines. To do this, however, it would be necessary for them to obtain an increase in passenger traffic, an increase which they would certainly obtain if they made travelling easier, cheaper, and safer. It is odd that, so far, no Company has applied ordinary commercial principles to passenger traffic. Every empty place in a passenger train is a dead loss to the Company. To judge by the difficulties and restrictions put upon travellers, one might suppose it a gain. It costs a railway just the same to carry twenty people as one; but this simple principle has never, apparently, occurred to any Board of Directors. The railway ticket system has, it is true, been greatly modified of late years, and we cannot believe the Companies have lost money by selling tickets at other places than the stations. On the contrary, they have gained largely, and if they went a step further and assimilated the ticket system to that of the Post Office stamp, they would make still more. At this time of year, and especially this particular year, the behaviour of Railway Companies to their customers becomes a matter of public importance. In our minds, we think when an excursion is being arranged of certain lines as unfavourable for our purpose and of others as favourable. On one the charges are too high. On another the carriages are uncomfortable. Another is famous for accidents. A fourth has the reputation of being stingy about return tickets; and so on. Companies and lines have reputations, like tradesmen; and the curious thing about them is that they so seldom think it worth while to acquire a good reputation. The Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway made a very singular remark in his speech at a half-yearly meeting last week. He said they found that gentlemen of the first position now often took third-class tickets, and he added, "All he hoped was that they would have sweeps and 'navvies riding with them.'" This was a very strange hope to express, but it admirably illustrates the attitude of the mind of the average railway director towards his customers. He did not say, "We must do something to attract the 'traveller back to the first class. We must give him cheaper tickets and better accommodation. He must run no risk, as at present, of having sweeps and navvies thrust in 'upon him when the train is full.'" On the contrary, he expressed not very grammatically a not very polite hope, and said nothing whatever about a remedy. And probably he wonders why railways are not prosperous.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

FRANCE and China are now virtually, if not technically, at war. The earlier report of this week to the effect that the Government of Peking had itself declared war has not been confirmed, and was probably premature; but a formal rupture of diplomatic relations has since taken place. On Tuesday last an ultimatum was addressed to the Tsung-li-Yamen informing them that the indemnity demand had been finally fixed at 80,000,000 francs, payable in ten years, and that if within forty-eight hours the demand were not complied with, Admiral COURBET would be instructed immediately to "take the necessary measures for ensuring to France the reparation due to her." The time expired at ten o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when no answer to the ultimatum having arrived—a silence, indeed, which might have been expected from the fact that the Chinese plenipotentiaries at Shanghai had been recalled two days before—the tricoloured flag was lowered at the French Legation at Peking, and M. DE SEMALLÉ received orders to join M. PATENÔTRE at Shanghai. At about the same hour in Paris LI FONG PAO requested that interview with M. FERRY upon which the French press had been speculating as one of so solemnly critical a character, but of which the object on the part of the Chinese Minister was simply to inform the French Government that he had received orders to return immediately to his post at Berlin. His passports have since been sent him, and neither of the two States has now any diplomatic representative at the Court of the other. What the immediate result will be on the French side is pretty well known in advance. The sort of measures which Admiral COURBET will be instructed to take "to ensure France the reparation due to her" have been foreshadowed clearly enough in the French Ministerial press. "A few hours and a few red-hot shot," said the *République Française* the other day, "will suffice to place the island of Formosa, with its mines and Custom-houses, in our hands, and will reduce Foochow to ashes." The lesson will in all probability be at once so severe as to lead the Tsung-li-Yamen to reflect again. If it do not reflect, we shall, is the somewhat disappointing conclusion, "wait quietly." The contingency thus contemplated somewhat recalls the famous question addressed to a certain Sicilian magistrate. It is, in fact, M. FERRY's "How, if they will not stand?" and it must be admitted that the answer thus far made on his behalf is almost as unsatisfactory as DOGBERRY's.

It is to be presumed, however, that the possibility of his failing to make the Tsung-li-Yamen "reflect" is not a subject of any very serious misgivings to the French Minister. We are entitled, at any rate, to believe that the confident views of the *République Française* as to the "short method with the Chinaman" are substantially those of M. FERRY himself. He has shown, indeed, both by a persistent course of policy and by the most recent declarations, that such in fact they are. He seems firmly to believe in the speedy attainment of his diplomatic ends by warlike operations of the limited kind referred to, and without being compelled to engage his country in any more serious and extensive form of hostilities. He was, it will be remembered, particularly careful the other day to repudiate the notion that the bombardment of Kelung had created a "state of war"; and his whole line of conduct for a year past has shown anything but a desire to bring France and China into technical relations of belligerency. His idea evidently is, or has been, to employ the superior naval strength of France to compel the Court of Peking to submission; and he as evidently believes that success in this endeavour is a mere question of time. If the destruction of one of her ports does not bring China to her senses, why M. FERRY will order the destruction of another, and if that also fails, then of a third, and so on, till the desired object has been gained. Theoretically, no doubt, the plan is an admirable one; but it is open to that objection which is fatal to the strategy of so many enterprising young chess-players—namely, that, in order to its success, it requires the good will and co-operation of the adversary. Now there is no reason why the Chinese, though they are, on the whole, a good-natured, easy-going people, should be willing to oblige M. FERRY with this convenient assistance. They must know as well as he does that France can bombard, and blockade, and generally inflict injury and inconvenience upon China without let or hindrance over a considerable extent of seaboard; and they must also be perfectly well

aware that that is the utmost that France can do without a somewhat painful and very costly effort. In other words, they must be fully sensible of the fact that their enemy, master of the situation on the sea, is far less formidable, and, consequently, far less disposed to come to blows with them on land, and that it will consequently be to the interest of China, if driven to extremities to force the fighting in that field which France shows the least disposition to enter. This, therefore, may be expected to be her immediate reply to the next act of destruction which Admiral COURET may be ordered to perform. The Tsung-li-Yamen will probably not be at once brought by it to "reflect again"; and if the French Government then adopt the suggested course of "waiting," it will be for China to take care that they are not allowed to "wait quietly." She will do her best to reply by land to the blow struck at her from the sea; and if French sailors have it all their own way at Formosa, the Pekin Government will undoubtedly endeavour to give French soldiers some work to do in Tonquin.

The question is how much trouble can China give to the French in this quarter? Will it be considerable enough to embarrass M. FERRY with his countrymen and to disgust them in general with the whole adventure? And if it threatens to produce these effects, are there any naval measures of a more effectual kind to which the French Government can safely resort with the object of bringing the Tsung-li-Yamen into the much-desired mood of "reflection"? The materials for an answer to this last question are almost wholly wanting. It would not perhaps be difficult to indicate more than one measure of naval coercion which, if successfully attempted, would bring the Pekin Government to submission; but its physical practicability, or the reverse, would depend upon the amount of truth which there may be in the current accounts of the efficiency of Chinese harbour defences, while the moral eligibility of any such steps is mainly of course a question of their bearing upon neutral interests, and upon the relations of France with the Powers likely to be affected by them. As to the course of military affairs in Tonquin we have at least some data to go upon in the experience of the past campaign. The Chinese forces which, according to report, are at once to be despatched to this province, may or may not be in themselves a formidable armament, but up to the present the world have certainly had no reason to think that the French troops in Tonquin are in a position to dispose easily of any not absolutely contemptible enemy. "Our soldiers," we read in the French press, "have seen at Bac Ninh and Song Tay what Chinese legions are worth"; but the work before them in future will not probably consist of a mere succession of Bac Nins and Song Tays. France can take the field, it is true, with an army which has by this time become acclimatized and familiarized with Chinese methods of warfare; but we all know what the military operations of civilized States against an uncivilized or semi-civilized enemy, conducted at a great distance from home, and in difficult and unhealthy countries, nearly always involve. They are almost invariably begun with an insufficient force, and have then to be prosecuted to a successful issue at so serious an enhancement of effort or outlay as to become most distasteful to the nation upon whom such increased demands are made. Should this prove to be the experience of France in Tonquin, as it has been our own in so many other cases, no one in England, at any rate, will be surprised. And it is upon this, probably, that the Chinese Government are counting.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the "real friends of China cannot desire a prolonged resistance, the result of which would be a foregone conclusion"; but this only shows how difficult it is for a country to recognize its real friends. Certainly China may be forgiven for thinking that the more she can prolong her resistance the better; and that the conclusion, though in a certain sense "foregone," may be very materially affected by the duration of the struggle.

A LACROSSE MATCH AT MONTREAL.

WE might almost fancy that we had fallen asleep in the summer sun, and were dreaming of Lord's. There is a field of short dry turf, lined with eager spectators all round, and overlooked by suburban villas which seem deliciously cool in the foliage of their gardens. There are young men and boys improving their points of view by scrambling to all sorts of unlikely places. There is the crowding, the air of strained expectation,

the buzz of rumour that we are familiar with at the great cricket-matches of the year. In the centre of one side of the ground is the members' pavilion, and a separate grand stand offers commanding seats to those of the general public who are minded to pay for them. If we were dropped here from the clouds, with all indications of latitude and longitude suppressed, we should know the scene at once for a great festival of the athletic and sporting English race. But it is not Lord's, neither are we dreaming. Our surroundings are English, but English with curious differences. The walls that separate us from the public road are not of brick, but of timber, for we are in a land of pine-forests. These houses with graceful high-pitched roofs and light open balconies own no fellowship with such cubical boxes of dingy brick and dirty stucco as the British speculative builder delights to cumber the earth withal. And then the air is in itself a wonder to dwellers in our dank Thames Valley who have fared hither across the ocean. We seem to have emerged into that upper ether of the blessed ones fabled by Plato, to which our common atmosphere is dark and heavy as the waters of a deep sea. Never did the Athenians walk delicately in a more brilliant sky than this. Rarely, very rarely, in the first hours of a fine spring or autumn morning, we may see something comparable to it in England. Twice and thrice delightful after the cold and fog of the North Atlantic was the clear heaven in which the Union Jack looks homeward from the citadel of Quebec over the noblest of river views in the civilized world. But this is yet a degree brighter and clearer, and our still unaccustomed English eyes find in it a perpetual feast.

We are not here, however, to think of the beauties of the sky, still less to see men walk delicately, but to see men running and striving, with cunning of hand and fleetness of foot, in a game whose mastery needs the feet of Achilles, the hand of Diomedes, and the craft of Odysseus. This is the Lacrosse ground of the Montreal Club, and on this second day of August the men of Montreal, the holders of the championship of Canada, are to maintain their honours if they can against the Shamrocks. The latter title explains itself, though we may surmise that the proof of Irish origin required to qualify for membership is not very strict. One of the Shamrock twelve, at any rate, bears an unmistakably Scotch name, another a no less French-looking one, and not more than half the other names have anything distinctly Irish about them. For the rest, this is not surprising. Many a good man wears the plaid and kilt in the London Scottish though his kith and kin have all been domiciled south of the Tweed for generations. But Irish blood in Montreal is all up notwithstanding. The Montrealers are on their mettle, too, and the general excitement can be compared only to that of the Eton and Harrow day at Lord's. Cabmen take double fares, and the scramble for tickets at the gates brings out all the worst features of an English-speaking crowd. It has not occurred to the authorities of the Club or to the municipal police that a quite slight and simple provision of barriers is enough to make people deile past a ticket-office in an orderly manner, while for want of a few shillings' worth of timber and nails they make a confused rush from all quarters at once, "shoving like swine," just as, by the plain-spoken witness of Theocritus, the sightseers of Alexandria were wont to do under the Ptolemies. But, on the same authority, the Greeks conquered Troy by trying long enough, and in such cases it is oftentimes the best policy to wait till the fury of the rush has exhausted itself, when one may fare no worse after all. At length we are inside the ground. Happy is the man who has ladies in his charge, for so may the party find good places even at the eleventh hour. The general aspect, we said, strangely recalls Lord's. The preparations on the field, however, are more like football than anything else. Two goals are set over against one another, marked by sticks of much the same height, and with much the same space between them, as those used in the Eton field game. But the line of the goal-posts is not continued on either side as a boundary, nor are there marked bounds anywhere. In fact, there are not in Lacrosse any bounds like those of football, and play goes on behind and all round the goals if the ball is taken there. Football players will at once perceive that this peculiarity saves Lacrosse from a multitude of troublesome doubts and interruptions.

Now the players are mustering. Their costume may be described, for English readers who have not seen the game, as a sort of mixture of running and boating garments. The Shamrocks are in red jerseys and dark-blue knickerbockers, looking stern and warlike; the Montreal uniform is a cool bluish-grey, with red trimmings. Red stockings (stopping short of the knees in the Tyrolese fashion) are worn by some. The men have formed little groups, and are tossing the ball to and fro, something after the manner of the "kickabout" preceding a game of football. The Lacrosse ball is of solid india-rubber, about the size of a billiard-ball. It is not struck, but caught in the loosely-strung bat, and thrown out of it either forward or backhanded. It must not, in any circumstances, be touched with the hand. The action is a very free and graceful one, and doubtless as difficult as most other things that look easy. Without much apparent effort the ball is sent as far as an expert hand can throw a cricket-ball, if not further. In the regular course of the game, the player who for the moment is in possession of the ball may carry it in his bat as long as he will and can. Hence the value of running power and general agility, which will be manifest as soon as the real day's work begins. Meanwhile there are signs of impatience, the appointed hour is well past; we learn afterwards that there has been a dispute and a formal protest about the standing of one of the players. The objection is duly recorded, the final decision

on it being reserved, and the sides are marshalled for play. For a minute or two they stand facing one another in line at the middle point of the field, and imagination runs back once more to the playing-fields of Eton, and the "bully" of football. But Lacrosse is far otherwise ordered. The lines break up as into skirmishing order, but—strange sight to new-comers' eyes—each file consists of two adversaries. Eleven such files take post at regular intervals along the line between the two goals, a red man facing a grey one at every point. The two remaining men are stationed alone, at the extreme points, each on guard at the goal of his own side. Thus, each side starts with a chain of forts the whole length of the field for concerted attack or mutual succour; and every station has its proper name, like the places of the field in cricket or football. There is no such thing as "sneaking," or "cornering," or being "off your side." On the contrary, no small part of the play consists in passing on the ball to one's friends in a more favourable situation, or cutting it out from the enemy who is about to receive it. All things being ready, the two adversaries at the central point, who have to "face the ball," take their distance with bats crossed level on the ground. The ball is placed between them by one of the umpires; it is in play. In one moment the nearest files have run in to struggle for the first possession of it; again the analogy of certain phases of football comes irresistibly before the mind. But this is lighter, more rapid, more subtle; as much so as the air of Montreal is lighter than the air of Eton. Away goes the ball, carried off on the bat of a bold and fortunate player; he runs with it out of the press, making a great sweep round for the enemy's goal. A friend or two follows him up, and the adversaries rally against him no less swiftly. Now he is cut off; he bounds like a leopard and winds like a snake to gain the open. At last there is an abrupt stop and a clashing of bats; a foe has checked him and got the ball; there is no time for this new holder to lose, for the place is dangerous. He dashes out a few paces to get free, and then with one clean throw he sends the ball far away, and before you can note where it has gone they are striving for it on the other side of the field. And so the vicissitudes of the game go on, the momentary centre of interest being shifted with astonishing quickness.

The scoring is so simple that anybody can follow it. Nothing counts but a goal, for which the ball must be put through by a direct throw (not carried) between the posts and not above them. There is no process of trying for a goal, and play is not stopped by the ball going behind the line of the posts. Whoever can put the ball through scores a point or a game (for local usage seems to differ in this matter of nomenclature), and the side first making three points or games wins the match. By the use of Montreal every goal is deemed to complete a game. On this occasion the first game is almost snatched; the Shamrocks get the command of the ball and keep it, and after a brilliant run down and a short scuffle it is through the Montrealers' goal. There is a pause for rest, the two sides change goals (as at football is done, after the first half-hour), and play is started as before. This time the champions will not be taken by surprise, and a well-sustained contest ensues, with episodes of various fortune, in which the Montreal men once or twice come near to redressing the balance. Brilliant feats are done on both sides, but the Shamrocks appear to have the upper hand in the scientific tactics of the game. Evidently they have gone through the sort of training which makes the difference between respectable fielding and perfect fielding in a cricket Eleven. They never fail in "backing up"; no man allows himself to be taken unawares. They are always where they are wanted, ready to avert misfortune or seize an advantage; whereby the spectators who take the Montreal side are able, with a plausible appearance of truth, to cry out at their astonishing good luck. But good luck is the name given at all times and in all places to the reward of hard work and discipline. One game may be won by luck or surprise, but hardly two; and see, that strenuous Irish champion, always intent on his mark through all his turnings and doublings, has got the ball down at the Montreal end again, so far from our post that we cannot watch the play in detail. Will none of them check him in time? He has baffled them, and is round in front of the goal. Suddenly a shout of triumph goes up, like and unlike the cheering at Lord's, ringing sharper and shorter; the second game is won for the Shamrocks.

It is now plain that the Montrealers have found something more than their match. Not the less they make ready to quit themselves like men in the third bout. The disparity is nothing overwhelming, and fortune may yet have her revenges in store for them. Once more the ball is "faced," and the red and grey clad combatants flash to and fro, pursuing or pursued, catch the ball in mid flight, or cast it far over the heads of the enemies pressing on them. But the fates are not to be moved. Again the Montreal goal is hard beset; again the nimble and cunning Heelan, as persistent as nimble, and supported by the well-knit power of the Shamrock team, has carried down the ball to the adversary's quarters, and holds it there; already there has been a narrow escape or so. A moment of exciting suspense, and the thing is done. The Shamrocks have won by three goals to nothing in a short hour, and the men of Montreal are deposed from the championship. They have done well, and valiantly too, but they are fairly beaten. An excellent and discreet fencing-master was once asked by an intimate friend of three of his pupils what he thought of their respective merits. "Well," he answered, "Mr. X. is a pretty fencer, and Mr. Y. has good form, and knows plenty of things too,

but Mr. Z. would kill his man." The Shamrock team are of that sort, and they have killed their man beyond question.

A rush to greet the conquerors, much cheering and swaying of the crowd, and the pouring out of a clamorous multitude into the street; such is the end at Montreal as at Lord's. Only St. John's Wood Road is not a delicious green boulevard a mile long, more's the pity; and instead of the London hansom there is a no less ubiquitous and dashing vehicle, with a half-open body and slender hickory wheels, beside which the hansom would look as heavy as a gun-carriage. And so, either on those swift and springy wheels, or strolling on foot in the grateful shade of trees, let us go our ways, well content to have seen Lacrosse in its own land, and persuaded that it is great among the games of the earth.

THE NILE CATARACTS.

SINCE it has been decided that the Khartoum expedition is to go by the river route, the difficulties of navigation on the Nile have come into prominence. A steamer ascending the First Cataract was nearly lost last week, and still remains below the fall. Meanwhile transport is said to be at a standstill. No one who has had the ill fortune to ascend or descend between Assouan and Philæ wonders at the news. That even at high Nile any large number of boats can be by the present method be got up the Cataract is simply incredible. Colonel Butler—of the Great Lone Land—has been appointed director of transport; but even he will not induce the Shellalee Arabs to do a reasonable amount of work, to work at all on an unlucky day, or, in short, to behave as if work is not quite an unusual and exceptional thing, to be only taken up now and then lest constant pastime should become monotonous. Living is so cheap, and the fees paid by dahabeeyehs and other passing boats have so enriched this tribe, that they are wholly indifferent to ordinary commercial considerations. They are even exempted from conscription on account of their supposed services to the State. The first thing to be done by a director of transport on arriving at Assouan will be to abolish the Shellalee Arabs as far as regards the Cataract, and to train a few English sailors to perform their duties for them. There is little danger in going up, except for the bungling of the natives. The rope which got loose and so nearly wrecked the steamer last week was most probably allowed to get loose on purpose. Accidents may occur with very little apparent cause, and it is most difficult to make sure of injury being wilful amid a roar of waters which drowns even the yells of a couple of thousand half-naked Nubians. In coming down, however, accidents are very frequent. The slightest, the most imperceptible, movement of the steersman's wrist is enough. The course after the great smooth curve below—that is, north of—Philæ has been passed tends to the westward. The stream runs very fast just there, but there is, so far, strictly speaking, no cataract. A sharp turn to the right brings the boat into a perfect rapid between two islands. The steersman directs his eye towards a certain great red granite boulder which stands near the bank of the island on the left hand. Just as the boat is about to touch the rock, over goes the helm, and another foaming slope opens before her. If the steersman holds his hand a moment too long, the bow is crushed in and the boat is lost. It is easy to see both that wilful wrecking may occur without fear of detection, and that on the nerve and experience of the steersman at one critical moment the safety of the craft wholly depends. That so many boats get down in safety is wonderful. The late Earl of Crawford, as Lord Lindsay, was wrecked many years ago, and more recently, especially of late years, a large number of dahabeeyehs have been lost. In fact, it was currently reported that the Shellalee Arabs had determined to boycott a particular firm of boat-owners, and it is true that two of their boats were wrecked in a single season two years ago.

Getting up the Cataract is an unpleasant, tedious, and noisy operation. The motive power employed is brute force. A thousand men perhaps are engaged in warping the boat from rock to rock. They all howl at once. No one obeys orders. There is no "pull together." The waste of power is absurd. And after, perhaps, half a day's work all is stopped, because one of the chiefs thinks he would like to go home and take coffee; or because he professes that 1,000 men are not enough, and he must have 1,001. In short, any reason is sufficient for leaving off, and in all probability the boat remains tied to a rock in mid-channel for two or three—or, as in a recent case, six—days without any possibility of redress. If it is true that the Government have resolved to send our troops up the Nile in open boats, it is plain that any attempt to employ the Shellalee must be abandoned. Four hundred boats, such as are said to have been commissioned, would, under present arrangements, occupy about a year in ascending the Cataracts. The time consumed would much more probably be five or six years; but, reckoning at the rate of a little more than a boat a day, and reckoning also on unlimited backsheesh, it might possibly be done in a single year. When the wind blows from the north, and is neither too weak nor, what is much more serious, too strong, even a dahabeeyeh may be dragged up in a day; but anything like a gale, and still more a shower or a thunderstorm, brings every operation to an immediate and hopeless standstill.

It is evident that either the Government have wholly mistaken the difficulties which beset the Nile route, or that, knowing them, they have made special arrangements for passing the Cataracts. The shrieking, gibbering Shellalee are clearly impossible. A dozen

English sailors could do the work of several hundred of them. But local knowledge is wanted. The Cataract sheykhs are acquainted with the exact force of every eddy at every period of the rising or falling Nile. The want of this knowledge will, no doubt, cost us dear. Another question will be that of the possibility or desirability of clearing one of the many channels. It has often been proposed to make a canal alongside of the Cataract. But there is no ground suitable for such a work, as all around there are high hills of hard granite. One of the channels at present used might be cleared of rocks and a couple of locks placed on it, but even this will be a long and by no means easy job. Sooner or later, we doubt not, some such scheme will have to be adopted. The whole fall, which is spread out over five miles, is reported to be only about twenty feet. At present anything very heavy or very precious or perishable is not trusted to the Cataract and its treacherous pilots, but is brought to Assouan by train. Only two years ago a line of rail, made long ago by order of Khedive Ismail, was brought into use. The line had lain idle for years, owing to the perversity of the authorities by whom it was designed. Instead of bringing it into Assouan, they took it to a village some miles further down the river, where, scandal said, the Viceregal family had an estate. Finally it was quite abandoned; but in 1882 Mr. Baird, a Scottish engineer, who had long been in charge of a similar line at Wady Halfah, blasted a short passage through a ridge of low rocks, and brought the road right up to the water's side in the middle of Assouan. A trip along this railway is a curious experience. The trains run right out eastward into the desert, so as to skirt the great granite mass through which the Cataract has burst. Then, turning southward, they enter a long flat valley through which, as is believed, the Nile ran before the Cataract rocks gave way, and at last, somewhat suddenly, the delighted traveller finds himself on the shady bank among the palms, with beautiful Philæ smiling before him in the smooth blue water. This curious little line is doubtless of enormous value now; and unless some very decided step is taken to improve and reform the Cataract route, it will probably be used for all the more important traffic.

In addition to the First Great Cataract of Assouan, the five minor ones have to be traversed. They are not all equally long or difficult; but for a large force of boats will cause much trouble. The Second Cataract is near Wady Halfah, and, though not so imposing in appearance as the First, is in reality more embarrassing, owing to the greater number of small channels into which the stream is divided. The third is a few miles further on, at Semneh, and is not so formidable. By the time it is passed our men will have gained some experience, and our officers will have acquired a "hunting eye" for the country, and be able to judge of the best method of making the passage. But so many are the windings of the river, and so numerous the minor obstacles, to say nothing of the great distance of Khartoum from Siout, the terminus of the Upper Egyptian Railway, that those who know the country best are surprised at the choice of this route. One thing is to be said in its favour. Our armament will pass through the length of the land, and conquer it, so to speak, without fighting; and, if anything is done to smooth the way through the First Cataract, a boon will be conferred on all future travellers into Nubia.

DRYDEN AND DRUMMOND AS HYMNOLOGISTS—I.

SOME strength of character, perhaps some amount of self-confidence, is required before venturing to add to the generally accepted works of one of the greater poets of England, or even to subtract from those of a minor Scotch poet. The hazard becomes the more hazardous when the works concerned—whether or not they be genuine—could not have been composed later than in the early years of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively. Its difficulties are not lessened when no editor of the works of either poet previously suspected the need, or even supposed the possibility, of a fresh judgment being formed on the question of such increase or diminution. Nor is the task easier when discovery on the one hand and criticism on the other is made, at the present day, upon internal and circumstantial evidence, alone or mainly. Yet it is proposed in the following remarks to claim for Dryden the authorship, directly or indirectly, of a considerable number of hymn-translations from the Latin, and to give sufficient reasons why certain other hymn-translations were not, perhaps could not have been, written by Drummond. The former were published anonymously in 1706, and have never, as a collection, been attributed to the sometime poet-laureate. The latter, since their first publication in 1711, as the works of the poet of Hawthornden, have never been ascribed to any one else. Both, of course, were published posthumously. This review of the credit and debit account of both writers can be here made, in either case, only with the concise brevity. But enough may be said in a comparatively short space for the information of the average reader; and students, being once placed on the track, will not require more in order to enable them to arrive at a decision for themselves. That, in the interest of letters, some statement of the conclusions come to, upon definite evidence on either side, should be made public, has been considered desirable by those who are competent to form an opinion. It is not improbable that Drummond's poetical works may be reprinted with the careful accuracy which of late years has been lavishly dis-

played on several of our earlier poets. The works of Dryden are actually in course of republication in an edition which, certainly for the present and probably for some future generations, will prove itself to be the standard edition.

In the present widespread interest which attaches to hymns and their authors, and the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of always rightly mating together the writing with its writer, the pros and cons of both questions here touched will no doubt meet with much attention. For the present Drummond's title to be considered an hymnodist will be estimated by a verdict on the authorship of the score of hymns which, it is contended, he did not write, i.e. from a negative standpoint. To criticize the few hymns he wrote, and about which there is no controversy, is outside the limits proposed to be filled.

The case against Drummond's authorship of certain hymn-translations which form a part of his presently recognized works, under the editorship of Peter Cunningham and W. Turnbull, may be stated in the first instance as being at once the least important and, to some minds, the most conclusive of the two cases. Drummond of Hawthornden died in the year 1649. Seven years later his poetical works were first published in a collected form, under the title of *Poems by that famous Wit, William Drummond*, in one volume, 8vo, and were edited by Edward Phillips, a nephew of Milton. The work was reprinted three years afterwards, and contains the *Dies Ire* as a translation, in twenty-one triplets, from the text of the little known and seldom translated version which goes by the name of the "Mantuan Marble," with its five additional stanzas—four introductory and one concluding. This translation must not be forgotten by-and-bye. Some curious remarks concerning its source and history may be read in the *Dublin Review* of last year (Vol. IX, Nos. 1 and 2, "Fifty Versions of *Dies Ire*," articles which we shall have cause to refer to further on for another purpose); but Drummond's early editors failed to notify anything unusual about his rendering. In the year 1711 Bishop Sage and Thomas Ruddiman, presumably Scotch Protestants, issued in folio a volume of prose and poetry entitled *Works by William Drummond, of Hawthornden*; "consisting of those which were formerly printed and those which were designed for the press, now published from the author's original copies." In the preface the Bishop and his lay coadjutor remark, with reference to the second division of the volume, "there are subjoined some poems never before printed, not unworthy we suppose of the author. The translations (they add) of the ancient hymns of the Church are both exact and smooth." These last, first published as Drummond's, it will be observed, some sixty years after their supposititious author's death, are the hymn-translations which form the subject-matter of this paper. In their aggregate of some twenty hymns they stand as a part and a fractional part, as a selection disarranged, chosen without obvious reason, and suspiciously abbreviated and adapted to the religious profession of their versifier, of Catholic hymns for the year to be sung in the Breviary Vespers Offices of the Church. The originals of this score of English hymns, with many more, which, on any supposition from a translator's point of view, are unaccountably omitted by Drummond from his MSS., may be seen in a very different setting from that of the folio of Sage and Ruddiman. However they were placed there and by whomsoever they were translated, they first appeared in print—so far as existing evidence justifies an opinion—in an edition of *The Primer; or, Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary in English*. This small volume—if its contents may be gauged by its hymnody—was the second of four distinct editions of *The Primer*, which may be regarded as so many heads of families, published respectively in the years 1604, 1619, 1685, and 1706. The last edition will meet us again in discussing the influence of Dryden on English Catholic hymnody. The date of the second, 1619, connected as it is with Drummond's name, is an important element in the inquiry; and so also is its place of publication, though in a less degree. It was printed, perhaps in 1618, by Heigham at St. Omers, with an official authorization of publication which bears the date of the year following—by which date it may be conveniently called. On these, amongst other, elementary grounds—namely, their original issue, object, form, date and place of publication, together with their selection, disarrangement, mutilation and adaptation, all being in connexion either with the religion which the hymns were meant to subserve or with the antagonistic profession of their nominal translator—it is in the highest degree improbable, on a *prima facie* view of the case, that these versions of Catholic hymns are from the pen of the Protestant Drummond.

Take the case in its broader features. Various editions of Drummond's works, separately or combinedly, and all the more important of his poetical writings were published in his lifetime and by himself. A few years after his death these works are twice reprinted. Nothing further can be heard of any reprints which affect the question at issue for upwards of half a century. But in the year 1711 a new edition is put forth which, if other contents may be neglected, for the first time contained, as attributed to Drummond, these twenty English versions of Latin hymns. The editors of the folio were either but poor experts in criticism, or they had no clue to the evidence on questions of authorship or hymnody which we possess. Perhaps they were unfortunate under both alternatives. In either condition, the exact value of their statements in the preface in regard to the hymns, it is not easy to determine—namely, that they have added "works . . . which were designed for the press" by their author; and that they have printed "from the author's

original copies." For no statement, it is believed, is extant in the author's own hand in support of the first position; and what proof the editors had of the second they neither divulge nor intimate. Whilst it is almost certain that their estimate of the "translations of the hymns of the Church," which has been quoted above, is simply uncritical and mere guesswork. It is certain on this ground. It so happens that the versions of the Vespers hymns—themselves, by the way, in some cases revisions of an earlier edition and not wholly new translations—which were first anonymously printed in 1619, and then were republished under the auspices of Drummond's name in 1711, were made from the ancient and unrevised recension of the Breviary hymns of the Church. As every one knows who knows anything of Latin hymnology, these hymns were revised under the authority of Pope Urban VIII., himself no mean hymnodist, with the assistance of Sarbriewski, Strado, and Petruccio, in the year 1631. It is true, although for controversial purposes the opposite is often urged and is not always corrected, that the revision of Urban was not so sweeping, nor (to use the mild language of hymnological polemics) so barbarous as it has been represented. This fact may be verified by a comparison of the two editions of the hymns of the Church hymn by hymn, in parallel columns, in the pages of Daniel. Some hymns, indeed, have been altered hardly at all; and others only verbally, here and there. But enough change was made, especially in the originals of some of the versions ascribed to Drummond, to enable an average student to decide whether any given English rendering had been turned from the older or from the newer Latin text. Now, although the translations in question were rendered from the original Latin version, yet, after the lapse of eighty years (i.e. from 1631 to 1711) during which the new text of the hymns was in use, it seems improbable that the editors could have been acquainted with the older version. It must be assumed that they made a hasty and vague comparison between the MSS. and some Latin text; otherwise they could have traced no resemblance, much less exactitude, between the revised edition of the Latin hymns and the English version, which was actually, though unknown to the editors, a reprint. But it is not likely, in a chapter of accidents, that these uncritical editors should have chanced upon the unrevised Latin version, then out of date by the best part of a century, in order to verify English translations which they failed to discover had been printed over and over again for sixty or seventy years, until superseded by a fresh rendering a quarter of a century back. Under such conditions the editors might have fairly pronounced the versions to be in their judgment, and by comparison (they might have added) with other religious verse of their author, "smooth"; they could hardly with propriety declare them to be "exact." But no great stress need be laid upon this slip in criticism—if indeed it be one—by those who were certainly careless and incompetent critics.

It is more to the point to remark, in order to do tardy negative justice to the real, but nameless, translator of the Breviary Vespers Hymns attributed to Drummond, and to exhibit Drummond's editors in their true critical light, that Bishop Sage and his fellow-worker conspicuously failed in at least three other matters of criticism connected with the poet whom they had undertaken to reintroduce, after an interval of half a century, into the republic of letters. (1) In their folio edition of 1711 they printed, as from the hand of Drummond, "an elegy upon the victorious King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus." This elegy is deliberately omitted from the next edition of Drummond to which attention need be directed. The edition is one which was printed in the year 1832 at Edinburgh, and was presented to the Maitland Club in that city by William Macdowall of Garthland. Thomas Maitland (afterwards Lord Dundrean) and Dr. David Irving (author of *Lives of Scottish Poets*) were the joint editors of this rare volume. And they discard from their edition the elegy, on the sufficient ground that, "although printed amongst Drummond's poems in the edition of 1711, it is the undoubted production of Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, by whom it was prefixed to the third part of the 'Swedish Intelligence.' London. 1633. 4to." (2) Nor is this the sole case of critical inaccuracy on the part of Bishop Sage, and also of his editorial precursor, Edward Phillips, which has been brought home to them by more competent critics. Amongst Drummond's so-called posthumous poems in the edition of 1832, there appears a sonnet which begins "Care-charming sleep, son of the sable night." In a footnote to these words are added by the learned editors, "Drummond's friend and correspondent, Daniel, was the author of this sonnet, which has been generally but erroneously attributed to the Scottish poet." (3) Whilst it seems clear his joint-editors of 1711 were profoundly ignorant that Drummond's rendering of the *Dies Ire*, which is named above, was at all out of harmony with the common text of the Sequence for the Dead, or even at issue with the earlier versions of Sylvester and Crasshaw, or with that ascribed, and probably by mistake ascribed, to Lord Roscommon, which had been published only five or six years previously. Still less could they have been conscious of the existence of the "Mantuan Marble," which by some means was known to Drummond; nor of the copy in the *Florilegium Magnum*, which contains the text, and was published in 1621; nor of the MS. version of Charisius, a burgomaster of Stralsund, which was dated 1676.

On three lines independent of the main point in discussion, evidence may thus be produced to cast doubt upon the acumen and trustworthiness of his editors in regard to the genuineness of works which have been placed by them under the name of Drummond

of Hawthornden. But, after all, perhaps they were more sinned against than sinning. For many pieces have appeared in Drummond's works which avowedly were not written by that author. During his lifetime these amongst other names are found in his pages—Sir Wm. Alexander, D. Murray and Walter Forbes; whilst after his death many others can be added to the list, besides those of Daniel and King, such as E. P. (Ed. Phillips), D. F., Arthur Jonston, John Spotswood and Mary Oxlie of Morpeth; and the catalogue could be still further increased by a reference to the literary remains of Drummond which have not emerged from the stage of MS. Such carelessness or, perhaps, indifference, founded on a certain easy-going custom of the age, is infectious. At all events, these lapses in strict adherence to oneness of origin prove that neither author nor editors were supremely jealous that nothing but what was genuinely from the writer's hand should invade his pages; and laxity which can be proved against an editor creates a powerful presumption in favour of laxity which is only gravely suspected.

To pass for a few moments from the broader view of the case to a more exact examination of the fault in criticism into which the editors of the folio of 1711 were betrayed, it will be seen that the evidence against the authorship of Drummond of the hymns in question is only not complete. Whosoever may be the translator of the hymns in the *Primer* of 1619, they all bear a family likeness, either as adaptations or as fresh versions, and may fairly be held to be the outcome of a single brain. They are between forty and fifty in number. Hymnologically speaking, they are divisible into three parts. First, there are versions of the Breviary hymns for the Seasons, the Proper of saints, and the Common—all these are for Vespers. Next, there are hymns for the Office of our Lady for all the Hours. Lastly, there are miscellaneous hymns—e.g. *Te Deum*, *Plaint of the Blessed Virgin*, the old Ambrosian Compline hymn, *Te lucis*, and hymns for the Offices of the Holy Ghost and Holy Cross. Whatever may have happened of late years, and whatever may be supposed to have happened in the eighteenth century, it is simply incredible that these versions proceeded from any one who was not a Catholic. It is confidently submitted that no evidence has been, perhaps no evidence can be, produced for the opposite theory, at the date under discussion—namely, that Drummond was the translator. Nor in the fitness of things is the idea congruous. No rational cause can be given for, and many weighty reasons may be urged against, the idea that a Scotch Protestant, whose loyalty to his own communion is beyond suspicion, and who, indeed, had once signalized his Protestantism by charging the Catholic Church with "practising whoredom"—to use the printed words—

"for the Cross's sake
With bread, stone, metal,"

should have been commissioned, or even have been permitted, to translate the dogmatic hymns of the Breviary for the worship of English Catholics. If this primary and last difficulty were dismissed, there would yet remain further potent objections against the plea for authorship to be removed; such as, for instance, those that arise from the following questions:—Why are we in possession only of a score of Drummond's translations out of a body of hymns whence they come more than twice as large? How comes it to pass that the selection of Hymns in MS. is so arbitrary, and the arrangement of them is so disorderly? How can it be explained that, amongst the comparatively few hymns in the MS. collection, one has been eliminated of about three-fourths of its contents, which are the most opposed to the transcriber's theological opinions; and that another has been actually adapted to accommodate its verse to the transcriber's religious belief? Lastly, and it is a short query, Why Drummond during his lifetime did not publish the versions which were allotted to him in the century after his death?

An answer to the first three of these questions can be consistently made if the *prima facie* view of the controversy may be accepted as the true theory. But no answer will be held consistent with the manifold facts of the case on any other view. Much insight is gained into the characteristics of Drummond's literary works, and into the idiosyncrasies of the writer, by a "brief account" of the Hawthornden MSS. now in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, apparently written in 1828, but printed in the *Archæologia Scotica* in 1857, by David Laing. If this record be supplemented from three sources—(1) by a catalogue of the Hawthornden Library, which has also been made public; (2) by the owner's list of books, bought and read by him at different dates; and (3) by a sketch of Drummond's life and travels—a not unreasonable account can be given on the subject-matter of this paper. Drummond, of Hawthornden, as adumbrated in these personal but unsigned records, would seem to be justly characterized in these terms. He was a traveller who had resided abroad. He was a learned and widely read student in many departments of letters. He was a great collector of books—amongst others, those of Catholic origin—and was a reader of much that he collected. He was a still larger collector and maker of extracts, and withal an unmethodical and careless collector, whose extracts were by no means always duly labelled with their authorship. And, what is much to the point, though it has little import at first sight, of his posthumous publications, or of some of them, it was said that, "from their handwriting, as well as from internal evidence, these fragments appear to be the juvenile productions of Drummond." In other words, as they had not been printed in his lifetime, these

fragments—a term which exactly befits the hymn-translations—were not intended by the author to become posthumous publications. The Drummond MSS. of prose and poetry, by the author and by others, which have been dealt with by the zeal and devotion of Mr. Laing, were collected, arranged and bound, as well as analysed and indexed, in fifteen volumes, in the year 1827. Four of the volumes are avowedly by various authors, named or anonymous. Two are entitled “Commonplace Books,” and consist, amongst other elements, of extracts from Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, Italian, and English authors, and also of “Pasquills, Apothems, Impresos, Anagrams, Epitaphs, Epigrams [sic].” A careful search through the volumes of the MSS., which, according to Mr. Laing, could alone contain them, most kindly made for the present writer in Edinburgh by a friend, has not resulted in a discovery of the original transcript of the Vespers hymns from the Breviary. But of the fifteen volumes Mr. Laing makes some remarks, both general and particular, which are pertinent to this inquiry. For instance, he says:—“A minute examination is not necessary to show that, whatever aid these volumes might afford to an editor in correcting the text and in furnishing occasional additions to the poems of his author, they do not contain anything of sufficient importance to merit publication by the (Antiquarian) Society in a separate form.” And of the tenth volume, of which much has been reprinted, Mr. Laing takes occasion to write thus:—“It is proper to remark, however, that, probably among these selections, and still more in the volume itself, various pieces will be found to which Drummond has no better claim than that of only being an amanuensis. He was so accustomed to transcribe passages from other writers, that it is not easy to ascertain whether or not the poems are original.” These criticisms, from an independent source, and especially the last, are valuable as aids in forming a judgment on Drummond’s claim to be considered a translator of hymns.

Here, then, is a theory which satisfies most, if not all, of the requirements of the case, and accounts not inconsistently for the presence in Drummond’s unpublished and miscellaneous works of a short series of versions from the Vespers hymns of the Church. Amongst other Catholic books of ascetical devotion, a new *Primer* with a new version of Hymns by some means attracted his notice. He chose and copied those hymns that chiefly commended themselves to his poetical and religious taste. His judgment would seem to have made a selection of the more colourless of the hymns, dogmatically, or of those which appealed to his emotional feelings—on the days of the week and for certain seasons—e.g. Advent and Lent rather than Paschaltide with the *Vexilla Regis* and Corpus Christi with the hymn of Aquinas, *Pange, lingua*. His selections were probably made for his own private devotional reading. If one could ascertain the dedication of his parish church, no very hard feat, it would probably be found that he interpolated the hymn for a dedication feast in its present position to synchronize with the sequence of the seasons. The like remark may stand in regard to a virgin saint, whose memory he cultivated indirectly by the use only of a “common” form. For both these last-named hymns are out of their liturgical order in his MS. arrangement. He discarded, as a rule, every hymn for a Saint’s day—the Holy Innocents being probably regarded as an abstract and not a concrete form of creature-worship, and hence excusable. On like grounds he also curtailed *Stabat Mater*—or, more exactly, beheaded the hymn and left the trunk—and he adapted, if so dishonest a word may be used, on Protestant lines, another hymn whose Catholicism proved too tough for his controversial digestion. Such is the unravelling here proposed of this literary puzzle, the so-called hymn-translations of Drummond. It is a facile theory, and a bold one, under existing conditions of critical and editorial authority. It certainly accounts for many facts, and it does not knowingly ignore any acknowledged circumstance. If any other theory can be formulated equally harmonious, equally free from obvious flaws, and truer, the present theory may be dismissed into space with well-merited oblivion.

One point alone remains to be noted. Why did not Drummond himself publish these versions? And this opens out a further question—Where did he obtain them? Both inquiries may be answered summarily. It is probable that Drummond obtained the *Primer* under review from his friend Ben Jonson. It is on record that, in the year 1619—the date, be it remembered, of the *Primer*—Jonson visited Drummond at Hawthornden. Although he had then reverted to the Anglican Church, yet he may still have retained a lurking interest in Catholic books of devotion or in Catholic versions from the Latin; and it requires no effort of the imagination to suppose that, for the sake of its hymn-poetry, the dramatist visitor introduced to his poetical host the new edition of the *Primer*. And, if the theory suggested in this paper be sound, the reason why Drummond did not, indeed could not as an honest man, make public the translations from the Breviary in his lifetime, or make arrangements for their publication after his death, was simply this—that those versions did not proceed from his pen. He had not made the versions. He had only copied them. And, as they were not his own composition, he was therefore powerless to give them publicity. The only reply which may be made to this theory appears to be that Drummond was possibly not a Protestant at the time of the publication of these hymns, and that he may have committed his translations to his confessor, who probably was the editor of the volume in question. But of this theory, it is believed, no shadow of proof exists. Nor is it consistent with the facts of the case. For had Drummond been a Catholic, he would not have omitted the invocations of and sup-

plications to the holy Virgin in the “Complaint of our Blessed Lady” for help in this world and the next, e.g. (amongst others)—

Maid in fame all maids excelling,
Be not harsh my prayers repelling.

And he could hardly have allowed, in a hymn for the Feast of the Dedication of a Church, a passage which he turned (and, it may be added, wrongly turned) thus—

And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus’ merits go—

to have been infected with anti-Protestant heresy by this adaptation, in which form the verse was printed in the *Primer* of 1619—

And thither, by the blessed might
Of meritorious actions, go.

These and other circumstances must be explained away before the claims to translation of the *Primer* hymns of 1619 can be critically allowed to Drummond of Hawthornden.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR (NEW STYLE).

NO English novelist would now think of choosing a German Professor for the hero of a sentimental romance, as his predecessors once did. This is partly owing to a change in popular taste. A strong reaction against aimless emotion and purposeless self-analysis has set in, and the writer who is desirous of trying a case of conscience must state it in action if he wishes to obtain a hearing. The number of Englishmen who have made a study of the great German thinkers has also increased; and, though those who have not taken the trouble of doing so may still be convinced that all transcendentalism is nonsense, they are at least ready to admit that all nonsense is not transcendentalism; and so the gushing Theosophist must be content to play at Esoteric Buddhism instead of aspersing the great name of Kant with his silly and meaningless praise.

The German Professor, too, has undergone a change. There used to be something striking in the contrast between his intellectual eminence and the poverty-stricken circumstances in which he lived. An eloquent discourse upon Plato gained a new piquancy from the fact that it was delivered over a glass of small beer by a man clad in a patched dressing-gown, and drawing inspiration from a huge pipe filled with the cheapest tobacco. It was the distinguishing merit of Germany that so many of her sons readily accepted poverty as a necessary accompaniment of learning, and that they preferred intellectual labour to the luxury, the ease, nay, even the conveniences, of life. Without this asceticism she could never have attained the position she occupies in the history of European thought. But it is vain to deny that this gain involved a certain loss. If we except Goethe, who was born to a competence, and Heine, whose poetical education was completed in Paris, we find that the purity and elevation of the greatest German writers have generally been accompanied by a certain deficiency of breadth and ease. They are wanting in the “distinction” which Byron valued so highly, and which he thought was only to be attained by mixing with the great world; that is, the world of real and diversified human interests, where shop is not talked and cliques are unknown. Thus—we are speaking of the great modern period—the imaginative writers were apt to approach their subjects from an abstract point of view; the painters were distinguished rather by ingenuity and mysticism than by a fine sense of beauty or mastery in execution; and the critics, while excelling in learning and philosophic acumen, were rarely remarkable either for quickness of eye or spontaneity of perception. In a word, there was a certain austerity in German thought which was in a large degree owing to the conditions under which it was produced.

In those days the Professor was the representative and the guide of the highest aspirations of the country. Before the invasion of Napoleon, the production of a new play or the publication of a volume of poems excited more attention and was more eagerly discussed than the most important political events; and the Universities were centres of literary as well as scientific activity. The more gifted of their teachers therefore exercised an extraordinary influence, not only over their scholars, but over persons of all classes. The man who lived frugally in his bare-walled and uncarpeted rooms, and who found a difficulty in paying his scanty washing-bill, was frequently consulted by princes and noble ladies on the most delicate questions relative to their own private lives. When the interest in philosophy began to supersede that in poetry, the authority of the Professor increased. Nor was he dethroned when politics came into the foreground. Those who had listened to him so long were contented to follow him still, though into new and untried regions. The Liberal movement owed its origin to men of letters like Heine and Börne, but it was chiefly under the influence of the Universities that it took its actual form, and it is to this that the fiasco of 1848 and the impracticability of the party down to 1866 were chiefly due. Many of the manufacturers and merchants of the country belonged to it, but it was led by theorists who were entirely ignorant of affairs.

However unwilling the German Professor of to-day may be to resign the prestige and the influence his predecessors so long enjoyed, he has in fact been deposed. The true representatives of

the intelligence and the aspirations of the country must now be sought in the civil and the diplomatic service, in the army and at Court, rather than in the Universities. The problems which Germany has now to solve are of an eminently practical character, and demand the labour of practical men. The members of all classes feel this more and more strongly from year to year, the political authority of the Universities is diminishing, and the Professor is gradually becoming a Professor and no more. At times one is almost inclined to regret the inevitable change. The old ideal was too lofty and too human not to possess a lasting charm, especially for a foreigner. The scholar contented with his crust and enjoying the respect of a whole nation, the solitary recluse consulted by prince and statesman, the penniless philosopher moving the Parliament of a great country by his exposition of the highest political good, are visions of a strange attractiveness, particularly when viewed from a distance. For Germany they have now passed by forever, though they were once seriously entertained there.

Yet the German Professor has perhaps gained in comfort more than he has lost in dignity. He is no longer distinguished by an ungainly garb or condemned to the most frugal diet; he has become a man of the world; in the larger towns he mixes on terms of equality with the other classes of society, and freely admits them to his house. He has travelled not only in his own country, but in Italy, and feels at his ease in company, so that he has abandoned the old exclusiveness which was due to shyness quite as much as pride. He cultivates the elegancies of life, and not unfrequently marries the daughter of a wealthy banker who is proud to have a scholar for a son-in-law. Yet the intellectual work done by Germany shows that he has by no means fallen behind in the march of science or learning. A man of abstemious tastes and great intellectual ambition might perhaps prefer the position occupied by a distinguished Professor at the commencement of the century to that which is now open to him; but hardly any one will be found to deny that the life of the present generation is preferable to that of the last.

This advance, however, has deprived our hero of many of the characteristics which once excited the curiosity of foreigners. By becoming more presentable he has become less picturesque, and even if it were not indiscreet to pry into the details of his private life, but little amusement could be gained by doing so. Yet there are points of a more public nature on which we may perhaps be permitted to comment. His increasing intercourse with society has obliged him to a certain extent to modify that chaste and exclusive affection with which he used to regard a single branch of study. He glances through reviews, and has been known to read novels, and even poems, when requested to do so by a lady who forms the centre of an agreeable society. Such labour is not undertaken in vain, nor such strength spent for nought. With a mind carefully trained in one direction, and accustomed to employ a single set of clearly-defined methods, he approaches this new subject, and endeavours to treat it as he would a dogma, a law, or a jelly-fish. He wants to know what a song proves or a drama demonstrates, and is dissatisfied if he cannot deduce either a law or a lesson from them—that is, if the work be modern—he generally accepts the classics, both German and foreign, as a part of the natural order of intellectual things. In Italy the Professor haunts the galleries he avoids at home, and carefully adjusts his admiration to the scale of the guide-book. English enthusiasm for the older masters and the old-fashioned liking for the later ones he holds in equal contempt, and if he ever ventures on an opinion of his own, it is pretty certain to relate to some anatomical fact that can be verified. This is the general rule, but occasionally the traveller has evolved an elaborate theory of the plastic arts at home, and wanders through the galleries to find support for his hypothesis, a noble enterprise in which he generally succeeds to his own satisfaction. In a word the Professor's mind has usually been so carefully drilled as to be incapable of moving freely; like a delicately-balanced instrument, it is invaluable for a single purpose and useless for any other.

This may, perhaps, account for the extreme scorn which he feels for every one who is connected with the periodical press. He regards a clear and fluent style with suspicion, and feels that liveliness partakes of the nature of sin. He loves to have the facts or arguments put plainly before him, and looks upon a rugged paragraph as a proof of the writer's honesty. Wit and fancy, on the other hand, he rejects as one of those savoury sauces with which clever but unprincipled cooks disguise unsound meat. He cannot, of course, exist without the newspaper of his party; and, to tell the truth, his political opinions are generally the echo of its leading articles; but, while thus accepting the labour of the scribe, he holds his person in contempt. All literary gossip is his aversion, and the popularization of science is sacrilege to him.

Another characteristic of the Professor is his pugnacity. Others may suppose the ways of wisdom to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths to be peace. He knows better. His science is a tilting-ground, in which he appears armed cap-à-pie, resolved to challenge every comer, and eager to do battle in defence, not only of the truth of his theories, but also of the priority of his discoveries. It is equally dangerous to dissent from him on any point and to agree with him on all. In the former case he feels bound in honour to prove that you are either a blockhead or a lunatic; and in the latter he suspects you of entertaining the base design of purloining some of his facts or filching one of his conclusions. In fact, he regards his science as a strict preserve, and every outsider as a poacher, whose success, instead of being considered an excuse for his trespass, ought to be treated as an aggra-

vation of his guilt. Human nature begins with him at the doctorate, and respectability with the title of Privatdozent.

The above remarks do not of course apply to all German Professors. Many of them are men of the highest culture, who unite extraordinary special knowledge to a wide range of human interests, and there seems every likelihood that the number of these will increase from year to year. There is already a strong reaction against the dictatorial certainty with which the German devotees of natural science only a few years ago used to dogmatize on theology and philosophy, poetry and art; and there is a compensation even for the defects on which we have dwelt. Crude intellectual work is almost impossible in Germany; at least it is detected as soon as it is published, and its author is delivered over to the tormentors, who do their business all the more thoroughly because they see a possible rival in the culprit. In no other country is the mind so perfectly trained for a special task; nowhere else have the methods of investigation been so carefully tested and elaborated. These are important advantages, but while admiring, imitating, and endeavouring to emulate them, Englishmen should remember that they have been bought at a heavy price. An assembly of specialists and experts is hardly the highest ideal for a university.

BATHS AND BATHING.

THERE is a branch of sanitary science which is very imperfectly represented at the Exhibition at South Kensington, but which must be uppermost in the minds of most people during the present hot weather and holiday season—we mean the sanitary advantages and enjoyment of bathing, and possible opportunities for indulging in it. There are indeed many devices for indoor bathing which are an improvement on the simple morning tub, and which, with a little more boldness in their construction and a wider area for their application, would form excellent substitutes for the baths which many invalids, real and imaginary, go all over Europe in search of at this season of the year. The various kinds of baths which figure so conspicuously in the bathing "Establishments" of Germany and France—the plunge, the spray, the needle, the douche, and the wave baths, are all combined in the same structure, and can be applied hot, cold, or tepid by an ingenious combination of stops, to work which would seem to require the skill of an accomplished organ-player. The chief defect of their arrangements, as of all other forms of domestic baths, is that the plunge and the douche—the most valuable and effective forms of baths—do not answer the objects for which they are intended on account of the limited space in which they are confined.

There are few subjects on which so many popular errors exist, or on which so many absurd theories have been constructed, as the action of baths, plain or medicinal, on the human body. Few medical men, except those who are interested in the success of some fashionable watering-place, believe that mineral substances can be absorbed by the skin; and therefore mineral-water baths are of no greater use for sanitary purposes than other baths of similar density and temperature. Of course, if skin diseases exist, mineral substances may be applied to them by means of baths; but their effect will be local, and the drugs will not reach the blood and so affect the constitution. The object of bathing is fourfold—to produce a certain amount of nervous shock, to be followed by reaction and an increased circulation of the blood on the surface, producing a more rapid change of tissues; to lower the temperature of the body; to cleanse the skin; and, lastly, to produce pleasurable feelings, and, when combined with swimming, the beneficial effects of one of the best forms of physical exercises. The chief benefit and much of the pleasure of bathing depends on the slight nervous shock and speedy reaction which results from the first contact with the water, and hence this should always be effected by the plunge or the douche. To wade up to the middle and stand shivering and fearful of the momentary feeling of discomfort is neither healthy nor pleasant, and timid persons who dare not plunge boldly into the water should be content with the douche bath, and this is especially the case with children. The proper douche bath is almost unknown in this country, although it forms the chief feature of all bathing establishments in Germany and France, and is to be found in almost every town on the Continent. A large garden hose with a high pressure of water, held at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the body, will give an idea of this most valuable and delightful curative and bracing agent. For the morning tub the sponge bath, which is a feeble form of douche, is preferable to the so-called plunge bath—a few gallons of water to lie down in—as vascular reaction is more certain to follow, and half the charm of sea bathing is due to the douche bath of the breakers. Sea bathing differs from outdoor freshwater bathing in the greater specific gravity of sea water, and its consequent greater buoyancy and its more uniform temperature, while the pure air, sunshine, and better general sanitary surroundings of seaside places contribute largely to the results. Baths are valuable agents for reducing the temperature of the body, and are often used by medical men in the treatment of fevers. The temperature of the healthy body is chiefly regulated by the action of the skin, but in continued hot weather it is not always equal to this function, and hence the risk of sunstroke when the body is over-heated by fatigue and direct exposure to the sun. Cold baths—and, indeed, baths of any temperature below the natural

temperature of the body—not only abstract a quantity of heat by contact with the skin, but seem to influence the nerve centres concerned in regulating the production of the animal heat. This action of baths also explains the injurious and often fatal results of too much bathing, or the too long continuance in the water at one time. The temperature is lowered, the blood is driven from the surface and the circulation impeded, and the heart and other muscles become hampered in their action, and cramp, fainting, and exhaustion are the results. Bathing accidents are commonly attributed to cramp of the muscles of the limbs; but it is very improbable that a good swimmer would be completely disabled by the loss of use or the pain of muscular cramp in one of his limbs, or that he should sink without a struggle if he were possessor of his mental faculties and the use of some of his limbs. Such a result can only be explained by the accession of syncope or fainting from failure of the heart's action. The greater difficulty of restoring such persons to animation, compared with the success attending ordinary cases of drowning due to stoppage of the breathing, supports this view of the cause of such accidents. As a cleansing process, bathing in the sea or fresh water cannot be considered very effective. Clean water would no doubt remove a certain amount of extraneous dirt; but the secretions of the skin being of a sebaceous nature, and containing a quantity of imperfectly detached epithelium, the free application of soap and rough towels is necessary, and, better still, the warm or Turkish baths. For the poorer classes, who look on bathing as a washing process before all others, and to whom such luxuries are not attainable, a good brush, or possibly the bronze scraper formerly used by Roman athletes, would be the best substitute. In addition to the greater healthiness and enjoyment of outdoor bathing, it is probable that the simple exposure of the body to the sun and fresh air is of real benefit, and contributes to the sum total of the good results. Where the sun does not go the doctor does, say the Italians; and, considering their habits, it is quite possible that they refer to the effect of the sun on their bodies as much as on the atmosphere of their narrow streets and houses.

The greater facilities for bathing is a social as well as a sanitary question of the first importance, as witness the war being now carried on between the boating and bathing inhabitants of the Thames and other public places. Probably the matter can be compromised by the compulsory adoption of a suitable and inexpensive bathing-dress, and a little police supervision to secure the decent behaviour of both parties. We are the only people in Europe who are guilty of the indecency of bathing without suitable dresses, and the application of a law which already exists to a few cases in various parts of the country would put an end to the custom once for all.

For indoor bathing large and expensive swimming baths are not necessary from a sanitary point of view, although it is desirable that everybody should learn to swim. The douche bath, such as we have referred to, is more bracing, exhilarating, and health-giving than any other kind of indoor bath, and it is, moreover, perfectly under control, and can be made to serve all the essential purposes of bathing; and as it does not require a room or space of more than eighteen by ten feet, a douche bath-room might exist in almost every school.

A VAUDEVILLE MATINÉE.

THE increasing popularity of what is known as farcical comedy has been repeatedly illustrated of late. In spite of much criticism, this form of drama has become an accepted fact which will some day occupy the dramatic historian. Its acceptance, however, has been attended by a special danger to playwrights, a temptation that has not been invariably overcome. The artistic limitations of farcical comedy are so obvious that it might be thought they needed no indication. The preponderance of the farcical element is the one thing essential. The danger that seems to beset writers of comedy lies in the temptation to introduce scenes of farcical incident, alien to the drama in which they are interpolated, that violate the spirit of comedy and mar the dramatic integrity. That we have witnessed in the past season more than one such play is a proof of the success of farcical comedy, as it is of an unhappy tendency to confuse the reasonable limits of dramatic forms.

Mr. Walter Browne's farcical comedy *A Wet Day*, produced at the Vaudeville on Thursday, does not err in aim or execution, but keeps within due bounds. It is free from all touches of pathos—often more truly humorous than any form of incongruity—and the farcical continuity is unbroken by scenes of serious premeditated comedy. It is, in fact, what it professes to be—a merit not entirely negative in these days. The dialogue is smartly written; and, in ingenuity, in facile and tolerably unforced development, and in constructive skill, it ranks with the more successful of its class. Who looks for more than these virtues in a farcical comedy looks for what, if present, would prove so much dead weight. As played on Thursday, *A Wet Day* went very briskly, and produced a decidedly favourable impression, due in a great measure to a representation that must be considered, in the circumstances, unusually satisfactory. Without being particularly original in conception or theme, *A Wet Day* is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of farce, as now accepted; and, if that spirit waxes riotous in the second act, it does so with a spontaneity of fun and a resourceful ingenuity to

which much may be conceded. Extravagance that is not bred of fatuity or grossness may be readily condoned, even when a trifle outrageous. The storm of rain that occasions John Enderby's wet day is both physical and metaphorical, the elements and Enderby's mother-in-law, Mrs. Chinkible, forming the unpleasant combination. The fount and origin of trouble lies in the error committed by Enderby in returning home from a Bohemian club in the coat of his father-in-law, Mr. Chinkible, who, in his turn, has consigned Enderby's coat to the care of Miss Tottie de Vere, a young lady of special fascination. Chinkible has been flirting with Miss Tottie, and she imagines, from the contents of Enderby's coat-pockets, that he is John Enderby. The situation is further complicated by the condition in which Enderby returns home, which precludes him from recollecting anything of the evening's festivities. Chinkible appears, shortly after his son-in-law's arrival, in a piteous state, with his dress-coat streaming with rain; he, however, with the adroitness and good fortune of some evil-doers, escapes for the time all detection, while the unhappy and oblivious Enderby suffers for his own error and his father-in-law's escapades. A tissue of most diverting incidents makes exhilarating the atmosphere of the wet day, until at length the shameless hypocrite is revealed, and Mrs. Chinkible's faith in her husband is undermined. The succession of humorous situations that lead to this revelation is cleverly sustained, and with a cumulative effect that is highly ludicrous and telling.

A thorough and consistent study of John Enderby was given by Mr. Charles Groves, whose delineation of a perplexed mind and ever-baffled efforts of memory was excellent in truth and humour. The part of the sly and amorous Alderman Chinkible was most efficiently filled by Mr. Richard Purdon, whose acting has a quality of freshness that gave additional piquancy to his racy, dry humour. Mr. George Andrews endowed with colour and distinction the part of a valet. The Miss Tottie de Vere of Miss Addie Conyers was a clever portrait of a very modern young lady, decidedly fast and of marvellous self-possession. For the rest, Miss Caroline Elton, as Mrs. Chinkible, gave a capital sketch of an opinionated, infallible old lady; and Miss Helen Vicary, Miss Jennie Wilton, Mr. Etinson, and Mr. Henry Vernon completed the cast.

ATTRACTIONS OF MODERN BUDDHISM.

IN a lecture on Missions, afterwards published in his *Chips from a German Workshop*, Mr. Max Müller divides the six great religions of the world into "non-missionary" and "missionary" faiths, or, as we might prefer to phrase it, local or national and universal religions. To the former class belong Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism. The two last have always repelled rather than sought for converts, priding themselves on their exclusive superiority; the Brahmins even went so far as to punish those who chanced to be near enough to witness their rites or hear the sound of their prayers. Judaism was of course from the first avowedly a national cult; in later times it admitted "proselytes," but in an inferior position, as aliens, not as brethren; according to the Rabbis a proselyte "is not to be trusted to the twenty-fourth generation." Modern Judaism, if we may credit its most recent apologist—who must however be presumed to belong to the extreme left wing of its rationalistic school—has ceased to be, properly speaking, a religion at all. Its distinctive merit in the eyes of Mr. Lucien Wolf is that its teaching is purely "materialistic," and that, unlike Christianity, it concerns itself with this life alone, and ignores all thought of another. To cite his own words from the *Fortnightly Review*, "The substantial difference between Judaism and Christianity is, that the one desires to teach us *how to live*, the other *how to die*: Judaism discourses of the excellence of temporal pleasure, the divinity—if I may be permitted the expression—of length of days; Christianity emphasizes the excellence of sorrow and the divinity of death." The three universal or "missionary" faiths are Christianity, Mahometanism, and Buddhism. Between these three, which are "alive," the future "battle of the Churches" will have to be fought, or is being fought already. Mr. Müller lays down that "to convert a Mahometan, is difficult; to convert a Buddhist, more difficult; to convert a Christian, let us hope well-nigh impossible"; but unfortunately the Eastern experience of recent years does not bear out the last statement. There have been within that period numerous conversions of Christians to the faith of Islam; what seems stranger, some few Europeans have actually become or professed to become Buddhists. But of the Esoteric "Theosophy" we said our say not long ago. Our present subject is a very different one. We are not here concerned with the vagaries of some few eccentric religionists who are playing at a new kind of Freemasonry, which it may please them to dignify with the venerable nomenclature of an ancient creed. What is really an interesting circumstance is that for many nominal Christians, or at all events Europeans who have not formally abandoned their inherited faith, Buddhism, in its genuine form, appears in our own day to possess a peculiar attraction. The fact that Schopenhauer's philosophy is to a great extent—as it has been not inaptly termed—"a vulgarized Buddhism," would alone serve to illustrate this tendency of modern thought. But in this matter Schopenhauer by no means stands alone. Many who perhaps never heard his name, or read a line of his works, manifest a similar leaning. Mr. Rhys Davids, who is one of the very highest living authorities on the subject,

naturally thinks "it will seem strange to many that a religion which ignores the existence of God, and denies the existence of the soul, should be the very religion which has found the most acceptance among men"—which, however, is the fact—and he adds that perhaps, "had Buddha merely taught a philosophy, or had he lived in later ages, he might have had as small a following as Comte"—which is not so clear. It is, anyhow, certain that Buddhism, which—according to the latest calculation—still counts some 500,000,000 votaries, is the largest religion in the world. It originally extended over India; but the Buddhists were literally stamped out by a cruel persecution in the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, and their faith only survives there in so far as it has left its mark on the Hinduism which supplanted it. The original system had, however, already become very corrupt. But in its earlier form it had been introduced into Ceylon, where it at once became the State religion, and there Mr. Rhys Davids considers that "it retains almost its pristine purity to modern times." From Ceylon it passed successively into Burma in the fifth century, and thence into Arakan, Kambaya, and Pegu, and finally, in the seventh century, into Siam. It had been carried in a less pure form into Nepal, Thibet, and China, where it still prevails. It is therefore in the Southern Buddhist Church, so to speak, if anywhere, that we must look for the genuine teaching of Sakyamuni, and the distinction is an important one, when we recollect how such a writer as the late F. D. Maurice—who however had an abnormal instinct for reading his own beliefs into every system he undertook to investigate—could deliberately assert in his Boyle Lectures that "Buddhism is Theism in its highest form and conception," and that "Thibet must be regarded as its proper centre and home." The first statement, as far as it can claim any plausibility, depends on the second, and both are alike incorrect, or rather paradoxical.

We must then carefully distinguish between the genuine doctrine of Sakyamuni and the legendary Buddhism of the North, with its manifold accretions and its curious external resemblances to Christianity, especially mediæval Christianity, described with such charming naïveté in M. Huc's *Tartary and Thibet*. It is this latter variety which has excited the special interest of orthodox Christian believers, but its attraction for them is really an adventitious one. When a modern writer tells us that "both the Buddhist and Christian Churches teach a divine incarnation and worship a God-man," this can be understood of Northern Buddhism only, and there only with important reservations. Indeed the same writer goes on to remark that "Buddhism has been unable to recognize the existence of the Infinite Being," and has therefore "been called Atheism by the majority of the best authorities," and he fully admits that modern Agnostic Buddhism "is pronounced by almost every writer of note the original Buddhism, the Buddhism of the South." No doubt the miraculous birth and mystical life of Buddha, as related in the *Lalita Vistara*, presents such striking resemblances to the Life recorded in the Gospels, that it is hardly possible not to believe one must be taken from the other. But then Mr. Rhys Davids considers the *Lalita Vistara* to be probably some thousand years later in date than the historical Buddha, and certainly posterior to the time of our Lord; it may therefore well have been plagiarized in part from the New Testament. As evidence of the real history of Buddha or Sakyamuni—for there can be no reasonable doubt that he is an historical personage—its evidence is, as the same authority points out, on a par with that of a mediæval poem to the real facts of the Gospel narrative. And it is the original Buddhism, without its legendary accretions, which has for various causes attracted the sympathy of pessimists like Schopenhauer, on the one hand, and of others who, without sharing his pessimism or his low ethical standard, share his disbelief in the supernatural, while yet they desiderate some religious or quasi-religious sanction for the "altruism" which philosophy has sometimes preached, but which it has not been found easy without the motives and aids of Christian teaching to enforce in practice. And both classes can point to elements in the teaching of Sakyamuni—so far as it is possible to recover its original sense—which favour their own. Sakyamuni was undoubtedly the great prophet of "reasoned pessimism" in the ancient, as Schopenhauer was in the modern, world. "Everywhere there is death; there is no rest in either of the three worlds. There is nothing born but must die, and therefore to desire to escape birth and death is to exercise oneself in religious truth." For death, which means transmigration, is no deliverance from the burden of being. The true aim is "to escape the yawning gulf of continual birth and death" by *Nirvana* or annihilation. But in Buddhist teaching, which was worthily illustrated in the noble life of Sakyamuni himself, this consummation can only be attained through the practice of a lofty virtue. Schopenhauer's Buddhist revival omitted at once the poetry and the metaphysics. Its poetry consisted in the life of its founder, for which the personal example of Schopenhauer was a worse than ignoble substitute; its moral philosophy was as lofty as his own was base. It has been justly observed by a modern writer that "The one unfolds the royal law of universal pity; the other proclaims, by way of gospel, the utter despicability of mankind. The one law raised woman to an elevation never before attained by her in the Oriental world; the other degrades her to a merely noxious animal. The one is the widest emancipatory movement the human race has ever known; the other issues in the despotism of sheer force. The one teaches that a man is what he does; the other that a man is what he eats." Now it is precisely the lofty ethical teaching of Buddhism which

commends it to the notice of modern scientific "altruists." They are aware indeed that they would find a morality at least as pure and lofty in the Sermon on the Mount, but they want to have the Sermon on the Mount divorced from the creed, and in Christianity the two are indissolubly united. We have seen that Mr. Maurice imagined Buddhism to be the purest form of theism and Thibet its proper home; but Thibetan Buddhism exhibits in fact one of the latest and most complete transformations of the teaching of its founder. Buddhism in its original conception is not theistic at all, though it may be more correct to call it a pantheistic than an atheistic philosophy. Of a supreme personal Deity and Creator it knows nothing; its almighty power is an almighty Law—"a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." It can hardly be called materialistic, for it starts from the utter unreality of the material world, and draws its sanctions from the unseen and supernatural realities "behind the veil." Yet of an immortal soul and a future life, in the Christian sense of the words, it is not only ignorant, as Mr. Rhys Davids says, it "denies" it. To cite his own words in his Hibbert Lectures, "Buddhism, for the first time in the history of the world, proclaimed a salvation which each man could gain for himself and by himself, in this world, during this life, without having the least reference to God or gods, either great or small." The way of salvation is indeed by overcoming sin, but it offers no supernatural aids in the contest and promises no supernatural rewards. The supreme bliss of the righteous is made precisely identical in orthodox Buddhist doctrine with what one school of modern heterodoxy, which is sometimes traced to Socinus, maintains to be the final destiny of the wicked—annihilation. And it is certainly both a strange and oppressive thought, as Dr. Döllinger somewhere observes, that the most widely-spread religion in the world should hold forth to man as his supreme end a state of passive and otiose unconsciousness. Yet it is not difficult to gather from what has been said how it comes to have a sort of fascination for certain schools of modern sceptical thought. Dr. Edkins may be quite right in thinking it has entered on a stage of final decay, and in spite of its being the largest of what Mr. Max Müller calls "the three missionary religions," its missionary force appears to be exhausted—except in the quaint mimicries of its "Theosophical" parodists. But just as some desperate attempts were made, in the Neoplatonist and other forms, to galvanize the energies of an effete Paganism into a second life—not without skilful, but unacknowledged, plagiarisms from the faith which had superseded it—so we may not improbably witness, among a select and intellectual, if somewhat crotchety, section of modern European thinkers, a temporary recrudescence of what in its day was a great and beneficial reform of the dominant religions of the East.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

EVER since the assassination of President Garfield business on the Stock Exchange has been declining. The excessive speculation in New York and Paris was then drawing to an end, and the panics in both cities, with the fall in prices that ensued and the consequent heavy losses to speculators and even to investors, have caused a very great diminution in the amount of business done, which has gone on at an accelerated rate up to the present time. When the panic occurred in New York a few months ago, and for a little while afterwards, there was indeed an increase of business, due to selling by speculators for the fall; but even that kind of business has now come to an end, and there is greater stagnation upon the Stock Exchange than has been witnessed for several years. It has been intensified by the extreme heat, which has driven every one out of town who could get away. At the same time, though the amount of business doing is thus exceptionally small, there has been of late a considerable rise in prices. This rise has been especially marked in the case of American railroad securities, which have advanced from 10 to 20 per cent., and in some cases even more; but it is observable in most departments of the Stock Exchange, and it is due, in the first place, to what the members of the Stock Exchange technically call the "state of the account." As observed above, speculators have of late been selling stocks which they did not possess. The sales have been largest and most reckless in the case of American railroad securities; but they have been on a large scale in all kinds of securities. The speculators hoped that in this way prices would be driven down, and that then they would be able to buy at the lowest point, securing to themselves a profit equal to the difference between the prices at which they sold and at which they bought back. It need hardly be pointed out that in this kind of speculative selling, the speculator enters into a contract with the person to whom he sells that he will deliver to the latter the stock sold at a specified time. He is thus under an obligation to buy for delivery the stock which he sold without possessing. And when anything induces him to believe that the fall is at an end, and that prices are likely to rise, he is liable to alarm, and hurries to buy so as to avoid being "cornered." At the beginning of July, when the panic in New York was not renewed, as not a few expected it to be, speculators for the fall got alarmed, and they began to buy back; but they speedily found that in buying they were undoing all that they had done in selling, and, in fact, that they were much more likely to lose than to gain by the transaction. *Bond* *sic* investors, though in not a few cases they had sold in consequence of the great fall in prices that had occurred, had yet sold

sparingly. They as a body were shrewd enough to see that the value of a property does not depend upon the results of a single year, that if times are bad now they will soon mend, and that therefore the value of their property must rise. Consequently, the speculators for the fall did not succeed in frightening investors as they had hoped to do, and when they endeavoured to buy, so as to avoid being "cornered," they found prices run up against them. The result is that there is still, in the language of the Stock Exchange, a large speculative account open for the fall; in other words, great numbers at both sides of the Atlantic are still under an obligation to deliver when called upon vast amounts of stocks which they do not hold, and which, therefore, they must sooner or later buy. This state of things, it will be seen, is a distinct source of strength to the market. Whenever the buying begins in good earnest, prices must necessarily be raised. But, after all, this is a precarious source of strength—one which may be defeated by a thousand accidents, and which, in any case, ceases to have effect as soon as the larger number of the speculators have either bought back or have been "cornered." A more permanent and certain influence upon the future of the stock markets is the good harvest.

It appears to be established now beyond doubt that all over the world the corn crops are abundant in quantity and excellent in quality. In some countries, as here at home, the root crops and grass have suffered from the drought, and these are perhaps as important, or even more important, to the farmer than the corn crops. But, taking the world altogether, the corn crops are the most important. Good corn crops all over the world mean, therefore, that farmers will be richer than they were, and consequently will be better able to invest; that food will be cheap, and that therefore wages will go farther than they have gone; and, lastly, that trade will be improved—all classes, in a word, will have more money to spend and to invest; and, as a natural result, prices of Stock Exchange securities are likely to rise. The function of a speculator is to foresee the result of natural causes, and to anticipate them. When the harvest is good, he infers that all classes will have more money to invest; that the Railway Companies will carry more produce and more goods of all kinds; that they will thereby earn larger dividends; and that, consequently, their price is likely to rise. For both reasons, therefore, he hastens to buy stocks, in the hope that he may be able to sell them again to investors at higher prices, realizing for himself a handsome profit. This is one of the reasons why prices have risen during the past six weeks, and have thus defeated the hopes of the speculators for the fall. And it is an important consideration at the present time in attempting to form an opinion as to the immediate future of the stock markets. A not less important influence is exercised by cheap money. At present the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market all over Europe and America is exceptionally low. It offers, therefore, an inducement to speculators to borrow for the purpose of buying stocks, because the interest they will have to pay to lenders will not take from them much of the profits which they hope to realize should the rise in prices be as great as they are inclined at present to expect. On the other hand, bankers are equally willing to lend. Confining our attention for the moment to this country, our readers will remember that during the past few years the joint-stock banks of the country have, almost without exception, become limited liability Companies, and in doing so they have considerably increased their capitals. If, therefore, they are to continue paying as good dividends as they paid formerly, they must make larger profits than before; and, naturally, it is the desire of directors and bank managers to keep their shareholders in good humour by paying at least as good dividends as they have paid in the past. But as long as money continues as cheap as it is at present, and especially as long as speculation remains dormant, there is little chance of bankers making large profits. Just, therefore, as bankers were desirous to diminish their loans to speculators two or three years ago, when they foresaw a crash in both Paris and New York, they are anxious now to increase their loans when these crashes have occurred, and when there is a probability of good times for some years to come. And their desire to lend is heightened by the conversion proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bankers always hold large amounts of Consols; but, if conversion is effected, the interest on this stock will be reduced considerably, and thus it will be increasingly difficult for them to keep up the rate of dividend they have been in the habit of paying to their shareholders. These three influences—cheap money, good harvests, and the obligation under which speculators are to buy stocks for delivery—all tend to raise prices.

On the other hand, politics are not favourable to the Stock Markets. Undoubtedly there has been a considerable improvement in the political situation in Europe during the past year. A little while ago the relations between Germany and Austria on the one hand, and Russia and France on the other, seemed anything but friendly. Now a reconciliation has been effected between Russia and the two great central European Empires, and also the relations between France and Germany have become more cordial than they have been since the Franco-German war. There is, therefore, a good assurance that European peace will be maintained. It is true, indeed, that Prince Bismarck seems to be out of humour with this country; but the Stock Exchange attaches little importance to any quarrel not likely to result in war, and the Stock Exchange entirely disbelieves in the probability of a war between England and Germany. Indeed, the Stock Exchange is rather inclined to welcome Prince Bismarck's ill-humour. It knows

that the Prince has long desired that England should take Egypt, and it hopes that his present ill-temper is partly assumed to compel Mr. Gladstone to adopt the policy which he has long favoured. The abuse of England in the German press, therefore, does not in the least disturb the equanimity of the Stock Exchange. Moreover, the position in France has decidedly improved. The present Ministry seems to have succeeded in forming a Government party; M. Ferry has carried out his Revision scheme, and in doing so he has been supported by a compact and well-disciplined party. There is a hope, therefore, of greater stability in the Government of France than has existed since the downfall of Napoleon. Moreover, the arrangement between the Government and the great Railway Companies has put an end to the lavish expense involved in the public works. And, lastly, the Five per Cents. have been converted. Altogether, therefore, a very considerable step has been made in restoring order to French finance. The receipts, it is true, are still not quite satisfactory; but, if the harvest should result in improving trade, the receipts would quickly feel the beneficial effect, and once more French finance would be in a satisfactory state. There is thus in many respects a very considerable improvement in the political situation. But, on the other hand, the anarchy that has so long prevailed in Egypt is as bad as ever, while there is no prospect that Mr. Gladstone has adopted any definite policy. As long as this continues to be the case Egyptian securities will continue depreciated; and Egyptian securities form so important a part of the stocks dealt in on the Stock Exchange, that their continued depreciation must affect the course of prices. Furthermore, the relations between France and China are so strained that they are calculated to alarm both speculators and investors. It is hoped generally, indeed, upon the Stock Exchange that in the long run China will yield, as she did a little while ago. But if she should not do so the action of France in the Treaty Ports may lead to international complications, and may be followed by consequences that would involve a disturbance of the European peace. Lastly, the Franchise agitation here at home, with the prospect of a dissolution, and the progress of the Presidential election campaign in the United States, are unfavourable to business. The Presidential election, however, will be shortly over now, and the agitation here at home is not assuming such a form as to give much anxiety to observers. The really disturbing political questions, then, are our own policy in Egypt and the relations between France and China. If there should be improvement in these, there can be little doubt that we shall see a very considerable and very general rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities. The rise may be checked for a while by a stringency in the money market in New York next month, or by alarm respecting the course of affairs in China; but if there should be no serious complications, the probability is that prices will advance considerably.

NORWEGIAN LANDLORDS.

ONE difference between the old *régime* of travelling and the modern *régime* of touring is that the landlord has lost his personality. A mere glance at an old conversation book will show this. These *vade mecum*s were written on the supposition that the traveller would be occupied a good fraction of each day in conversing with "mine host." So far is this from being the case nowadays that one often leaves an hotel in Switzerland or other resort of tourists without knowing the name of the person to whose economic "abstention," enterprise, and skilful administration one owes perhaps some days of pure enjoyment. The arrival of a traveller is no longer an event, but an everyday occurrence. The well-regulated means of locomotion render the tourist independent of the landlord's advice and aid. The few needs which he experiences are instantly satisfied by the well-informed and precise porter. At most he catches a glimpse of his landlord at the hall door as he takes his departure. All this matters little enough to the average hasty tourist. Mine host's highly competent representatives in the *salle à manger* and the hall please him quite as much as their employer would do. But to the few who still connect with foreign travel the idea of coming into contact with the people among whom they sojourn, the disappearance of the old-fashioned host behind a group of automatic hirelings is a distinct and serious loss.

Happily, however, there are still regions where the older and more primitive relation between host and guest is maintained intact. The further we go from the congested centres of civilization, the greater the importance of the landlord's personality. Even in Switzerland there are a few secluded inns where the visitor is certain to become acquainted with the landlord, and can count on a personal welcome should he afterwards revisit his hostelry. In the Tyrol one of the things to be remembered is a sojourn in the house of a curé who, in default of inns, entertains the tourist with good fare, and proves, in spite of his rough almost brigand-like exterior, a kindly host and an intelligent companion. Nowhere, however, is the primitive character of the host better preserved than in Norway. Here are all the conditions of old-fashioned hospitality. The people, simple and confiding in nature, and too secluded in their remote valleys to see many strangers, are exceptionally hospitable to the rare passer-by. And the peculiar arrangements of the country for the accommodation of travellers are highly favourable to the survival of friendly intercourse between landlord and traveller. In Norway the host is a farmer by essence, and a landlord by accident. He receives so few

travellers into his house that he never quite realizes his public function. And though he is compelled by his Government to provide a station for travellers, his deeply-rooted instinct of hospitality gives to all his services the air of spontaneous heartiness. This may not be universally true. The hardworking farmer would be more than human if he did not now and again murmur at the unexpected arrival of tourists claiming the hands that are wanted in the field, and worse still the horses invaluable just now for housing the sweet-scented grass. For it must be remembered that the remuneration which he gets for his services and those of his quadruped is by no means princely even from his point of view. And it must, we fear, be confessed that the traveller eager to reach his destination does not always sufficiently respect the value of the farmer's pony. All this is apt to chafe the spirit of our Norwegian landlord. But, so far as we have observed, such disagreeable experiences rarely sour a temper which is naturally hospitable. And this estimable virtue is wont to display itself in more than usual vigour when the guest happens to be an Englishman. It is one of the pleasant ingredients of a tour in Norway to realize the strong national liking for our country expressing itself in the partiality of the landlord for English guests. In some cases, indeed, this fondness shows itself in an amusing way. We remember that once when staying "upon the mountains," as the Norwegian has it, we happened to enter a tourist hut. The old man in charge, who had in years gone by been a guide to English shooting parties, was so delighted to see us that we had some difficulty in breaking away from his importunate entreaties that we should remain his guest for some days. Even the generally efficacious gift of an English pipe did not reconcile him to our passing visit, and nothing less than giving him our English addresses put an end to his importunities.

Nothing is pleasanter than the arrival at a retired Norwegian farm-inn after a long day's walking. There stands the landlord, a spare nimble-looking figure, with a shock of reddish hair, a queerly cut and freckled face, and eyes brimming with good humour. He at once inquires in the directest way respecting your movements, where you started from, how many days you have been on your journey, where you intend going further, and so forth. You feel at once that this style of accost is not impertinence, but friendly curiosity, and worn out with your day's toil, you gladly resign yourself and your concerns to such kindly and efficient hands. The whole house is soon actively employed in providing for your wants. Fresh pink trout, tinned meats which are savoury and luscious enough to the tired pedestrian, and a dish of stewed wild fruit are set before you, and peradventure a bottle of good wine is unearthed from some remote cellar to give a yet more festal character to the repast. Your entertainer could hardly make more of you if, instead of being a foreigner happening to pass by, you were a long-expected son from America. If you are alone, he will gladly chat with you after your supper about his farm, the hardships of winter, the impoverishment of the country by emigration, the prosperous doings of his children in the Far West, and the great constitutional struggle which has of late agitated every patriotic Norwegian's breast. In his turn he will ask for information from you, questioning you with delightful frankness about your home, family, profession, &c. By such mutual confidences your friendly footing in the house is firmly established; and, as there is little in the building itself to remind you that you are at an inn, you soon grow quite oblivious of the fact. If you prolong your stay, he will be ready to do the part of a friendly host still further, showing you over his farm with its goodly finely-carved storehouse (*stabur*), its elaborate system of irrigation, and so forth. Or, if you wish to outwit the wily trout, he will conduct you to the best pools of the neighbouring river. If, missing your English fruit, you are attracted by the abundance of neglected currants, raspberries, and gooseberries in his garden, he will bid you partake at your pleasure, and will probably think it an honour to have his heavily-laden bushes lightened by English hands. You can easily reciprocate these attentions by a present of English tobacco, or, still better (as in his heart he may prefer his Norwegian weed to yours), of Scotch whisky. The rigorous monopolization of the spirit traffic by the Government makes the whisky-flask a particularly good bond of friendship in country districts far from the stores. And then the Norwegian's love of things English will set a high value on a spare book or other home product which you happen to find in your portmanteau. When the day for saying adieu to your kindly host arrives, there will be unmistakable signs of sadness on both sides. The landlord has quite forgotten the trifling circumstance that you have a bill to pay, and only brings forward the "Regning" after many demands, and even then in an awkward and apologetic manner. It need hardly be added that the charges are of the usual moderate kind, and that the good man has probably done himself the wrong of omitting one or two serious items—such as his last bottle of wine. Prolonged hand-shakings and oft-repeated "Farwells," and entreaties to come back next summer, bring the pleasant sojourn to a close.

We have described a typical Norwegian landlord, who represents the common characteristics of the class. Of course there are well-marked varieties, in some of which the typical features are less distinctly recognizable. The landlords of the towns frequented by tourists, more particularly Christiania and Bergen, are much more like landlords elsewhere. Englishmen are wont, indeed, to complain of the scant services and the heavy charges of some of the hotels in these towns. But perhaps they are hardly

just in bringing these accusations. The Christiania or Bergen landlord can hardly be expected to become the devoted slave of a crowd of tourists which inundates his hotel for one night in order to make sure of the boat for Hull or the North coast in the morning. In the country districts, too, you may now and again find in a favourite resort a landlord whose sojourn in America, or sudden accession of prosperity, has been too much for his morals, and who neglects his house for the cup. But, as a rule, the landlords of these frequented hotels have their hearts in their work. They are attentive, eager to please, and full of practical resource. Nothing grieves the heart of a Norwegian landlord so much as to have to send on a traveller to another station. He is in his element when his house is over-filled and all his ingenuity is taxed in slinging hammocks and otherwise extemporizing additional beds in the most unlikely places. The same is to be said of the men and women put into the tourists' huts in the mountainous districts by the Companies which own them. Although mere hirelings, they seem to have all the proud pleasure of the proprietor in displaying the resources and capabilities of the house. And the same hospitable nature shows itself in the women (farmers' wives, daughters, &c.) who occupy the saeters or outlying buildings of the farms on the mountain slopes in the summer months, and are in a position to offer bed and board to the mountaineer. Nothing, indeed, could better prove the strength of this inherent national quality than a short sojourn in this uppermost zone of human life. Although the stalwart and robust-looking Pige has her regular work, milking her cows and goats, and making her butter and cheese, she at once gives herself up to minister to the traveller's wants.

In Norway entertaining strangers seems to be not so much an acquired art as an intuitive knack, and to easily fit itself in with the more regular business of life. How strong is the instinct of hospitality in the Norwegian may be illustrated by the following story. In a certain parish lived a clergyman, who, in the absence of all other accommodation for travellers, was accustomed to entertain the infrequent passer-by free of charge. A friend of ours, who was driving this way, and knew of the good man's generous custom, wished to avoid an obligation, and drove past the manse. When he had begun to think himself safely beyond danger, and was moving leisurely up a hill, he heard footsteps behind, and, turning, saw the clergyman hurrying, hot and panting for breath, to overtake him. He had to pull up, and to listen to a gentle rebuke from the slighted host. There was nothing for it but to return, at least, for half an hour's chat over a bottle of ale. When this satisfaction had been paid to wounded hospitality, and the traveller rose to take leave, he was informed that dinner was cooked and about to be served. In this way, the right of a people to entertain the stranger who visits its land was adequately maintained. We trust nothing will ever happen to make the Norwegian's welcome to the English stranger less hearty than it is now. We will not think so meanly of our countrymen as to hint at the possibility of their ever abusing a patriarchal custom, the survival of which, in this age of the civilizing, and at the same time vulgarizing, railroad, is something to be profoundly grateful for.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF CHINA.*

IN the present volume Mr. Boulger brings his *History of China* to a close. His first volume embraced, it will be remembered, the period from the dawn of history to the fall of the Mongol dynasty; his second brought us down to the end of the reign of K'een-lung; and in the one before us we have the narrative of events carried forward from that point to the Kuldja Treaty and the death of the Eastern Empress in 1881. This latest instalment of the work is beyond comparison the most interesting of the three. Unlike the two earlier ones, which dealt mainly with Chinese politics, the greater part of the volume before us is devoted to the history of the relations of China with foreign countries. In it, then, we have a personal interest which converts a characteristically Oriental record of changing dynasties and fleeting reigns into a narrative of events which are interwoven with the destinies of England and the other Great Powers of Europe.

The reception of Lord Macartney's mission by the Emperor K'een-lung had appeared to open a prospect of friendly accord between China and England; but, as quickly proved to be the case, that venerable monarch had no sooner "ascended to be a guest on high" than his son and successor, Kea-K'ing, set himself deliberately to reverse both his foreign and domestic policy. The Jesuit missionaries, who had done much useful work on behalf of religion and science, passed from the light reflected from the throne of K'een-lung into the cold shade of Kea-K'ing's displeasure, and Père Amiot, after having devoted thirty years to the service of the Chinese in the capital, was expelled from the country. Intolerance towards foreigners became the order of the day, and Lord Amherst, the ambassador sent by George III. on a special mission to Peking, was dismissed without having been allowed to present his credentials. In home affairs, also, the Emperor developed a policy opposed to that which had conducted to the prosperity of the long reign of his predecessor. One of

* *History of China.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger. Vol. III. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.

his first acts was to impeach and behead his father's favourite Minister on the charge of bribery and corruption. That the unfortunate man was guilty of the crime of which he was accused was proved beyond dispute by the amount of wealth of which he was found to be possessed. Twenty-five millions sterling was too large a sum to have been accumulated honestly; and, if the political system which he had helped to administer had not been thoroughly corrupt, he would no doubt have deserved his fate. But his crime was one in which every mandarin in the Empire participated, and differed from theirs only in degree; while, as a set-off against his fault, he could plead many years of good and diligent service. But the point which aroused the indignation of the people was the avaricious greed with which Kien-King seized upon the ill-gotten gains and squandered them in debaucheries. By these and like proceedings he stirred up the contempt and ill-will of foreigners and the hatred of his subjects. The Empire became honeycombed with secret societies, and twice attempts were made to assassinate this degenerate "Son of Heaven." On the second of these occasions the conspirators forced their way into the palace; and, if it had not been for the courage of Meen-ning, the Emperor's second son, who killed with his own hand two of the would-be assassins, the crime would doubtless have been consummated. By this act of courage the Prince secured for himself the reversion of the throne; and there was nothing but rejoicing when, by the Emperor's death, in 1820 the reversion fell in. But neither in internal affairs nor in foreign relations did the change of sovereign effect the good which was expected from it. Taou-kwang, for that was the Imperial name adopted by the new Emperor, showed at first a set desire to reawaken the loyalty of his subjects; but, notwithstanding every endeavour on his part to do justice and walk uprightly, political difficulties due to the tyranny of the mandarins grew and multiplied around him. Among the non-Chinese populations in the outlying portions of the Empire disaffection assumed an aggressive front; and in Formosa, Hainan, and the Meou-tsze districts of central China open rebellions broke out. At the same time and from the same cause the position of the English merchants at Canton, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" within the narrow limits of the Factory grounds, became intolerably irksome. As yet they were still under the direction of the East India Company; and, remembering the bold and adventurous policy by which that Association had won for itself an empire in India, it is a matter of surprise that it should have submitted tamely to exactions, insults, and impositions in China. The capture of Canton would have presented few difficulties to the descendants of the victors of Plassey and the captors of Chingleput, and the prize which might have been obtained was certainly rich enough to justify the venture. But the glamour which the Chinese have always succeeded in throwing over their pretensions by the assumption of superiority and claims to power induced the servants of the Company to yield without resistance to restrictions and indignities which were happily unknown to Englishmen in any other part of the world.

In 1834 the charter of the East India Company expired, and the English Government inherited the trading rights which it had embodied. This was the beginning of troubles. It was impossible for the English Government to put up with the kind of treatment which had been endured by the Company, and *pari passu* with the assertion of claims by the Foreign Office did the mandarins become more and more aggressive. The opium trade was made the first object of overt attack. It may be that there were then, as there are now, a certain number of officials who are genuinely desirous of putting a stop to the opium traffic; but the dispassionate reader of Mr. Boulger's accurate and temperate statement of the whole proceedings will see that this question was but a stalking-horse under shelter of which the Chinese hoped, in the words of Taou-kwang, "to destroy and wash the foreigners away without remorse." So determined did their efforts in this direction become that, as Mr. Boulger says, "there remained no practical alternative between withdrawing from the country altogether, leaving the Celestials to their own exclusiveness, and forcing their Government to recognize a common humanity, and an equality in national privileges." The events which ensued followed the unalterable course of all such dealings with China. The first reply to all demands at such crises has invariably been the well-known *non possumus*, accompanied with threats of overwhelming wrath and utter extinction. Upon this the aggressive barbarian knocks down a few of the trumpery forts which are popularly supposed to guard the approaches to Canton or some other city of the Empire. This brings a new Imperial Commissioner on the scene, who, while repudiating the acts of his predecessor, treads precisely in his footsteps, except that he assumes a more professedly yielding front to the "irrepressibly fierce" barbarian. The new arrival attempts to gain by cajolery that which it has been previously sought to obtain by threats and bravado. At last the patience of the foreigner becomes again exhausted, and he occupies the city of the approaches to which he had already made himself master, upon which the second Commissioner is recalled in disgrace, and new plenipotentiaries are despatched to the scene of strife. These either come too late to prevent war or succeed in only temporarily postponing the evil day.

This is the course through which all our quarrels with China have run, and such will continue to be their career until the Chinese honestly accept us as a friendly Power. It cannot be too often reiterated that, whatever may be the feeling entertained towards us by individual Chinamen, the mass of those who guide

public opinion are only anxious to drive us out of the country. Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and on this principle the Chinese take up any question which they think will suit their purpose—whether opium, or missionaries, or extraterritoriality—to stir up the people against us. Writing from Peking as late as 1876, nearly twenty years after the conclusion of the last treaty, Sir Thomas Wade reports to Lord Derby that "the anti-foreign feeling in the country is, on the part of a large majority of the educated class, as violent as ever it was. It has indeed been stimulated by the efforts to introduce foreign inventions and education of a certain influential minority. The leading members of the central Government, so far as there is one, are in a great degree anti-foreign, and, when not altogether bigoted opponents of improvement, are yet far too much in dread of the censure of the anti-foreign public openly to countenance innovation. In some particulars they are as bigoted opponents as any in the Empire."

If this is the state of things in the green tree of extended foreign intercourse, what must have been the condition of affairs in the dry tree of pre-treaty days? The real question between us and China is the same now as it was then. We desire to engage in commercial intercourse with the people, and to develop the resources of the country. The mandarins, taking an opposite view, indulge in a vehement wish to close their markets against us, and drive us pell-mell out of the Empire. It is true that most of those with whom foreigners are brought into official contact conceal such aspirations and speak peace with glib tongues; but whenever we have been able to lift the veil from their real motives, and to possess ourselves of the secret correspondence between such officials and their Government—as, for example, at Canton in 1840 and 1858, and at Taku in 1860—we have found that their professed friendliness has been nothing more than a hollow mockery. The question, then, of the justice or injustice of our different wars in China is settled once and for all if it be conceded that we had a right to force our way into the China markets. The immediate causes of quarrel were mere incidents, and were no more the real *casus belli* than is the waving bough the true parent of the breeze. In China, as elsewhere, the old maxim holds good that "great events are begotten of great causes by small occasions."

All this is brought out plainly enough in Mr. Boulger's latest volume, in which is traced with minute accuracy the whole course of our intercourse with China during the present century. At this moment when we are standing as witnesses to the collapse of the Chinese military pretensions in Tongking, the account given us by Mr. Boulger of the recent wars undertaken by China against her foreign and domestic enemies is of peculiar interest. Like every one else acquainted with Chinamen, the author credits the soldiers with a kind of feminine courage which enables them to endure death and to defend a position with obstinacy, but which fails them altogether when they are called upon to attack. When brought face to face with European troops they have been invariably defeated, though always possessing vastly superior numbers. So far as regards the organization of the Imperial forces, an instructive article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1884 disposes effectually of any pretence that it is efficient, and in the same strain Mr. Boulger writes, "After more than twenty years' reorganization, the military progress of the main Chinese army remains more problematical than their best friend could desire. They have always been slow, painfully slow, to apply the lessons of their own experience."

Disastrous as was the reign of Taou-kwang (1820-1850), its misfortunes were eclipsed by those which befell the country during the rule of his successor, Heen-fung (1850-1861). No such formidable rebellion as that which then broke out under the Taiping "King" had disturbed the country since the establishment of the present Manchu dynasty, and for the first time in the annals of the Empire a European army occupied Peking. For the events of the reigns of Tung-che (1861-1875) and of the reigning Emperor, Kwang-sü, we must refer our readers to the last hundred and twenty pages of the present volume.

Mr. Boulger has now finished his task, and has produced beyond comparison the best *History of China* we possess. The narrow limits within which he has been compelled to confine a theme so vast and multitudinous have obliged him to omit much which every historian would delight to dilate upon. But as a compendium of the political history of the Empire it is excellent. The proportions are well kept, accuracy is as far as possible attained, and the style, with the exception of some few instances of hasty writing, is lucid and flowing.

FIVE NOVELS.*

FROM various causes, *Saint Mungo's City* will, we fear, only appeal to a limited public, and can hardly attain the summit of every author's ambition and become a railway novel. The reasons that militate against its general popularity are precisely

* *Saint Mungo's City*. By Sarah Tytler. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

Grey of Greybury. By the Marquis Biddle-Cope. 2 vols. London: Burns & Oates.

Couleur de Rose. By Ulick J. Burke. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Lancelot Ward, M.P. By George Templer. London: Blackwood & Sons.

A Danish Parsonage. By An Angler. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

those which constitute the goodness of the book. It is full of local colour from beginning to end—if we can apply such a term as “colour” to the atmosphere of a city wrapped all the year round in deepest smoke. The study of Glasgow life and its citizens, with all their virtues and defects truly set forth, is admirable; but then the citizens are apt to clothe their sentiments in such remarkably broad Scotch that Miss Tytler is frequently obliged to append a translation to some exceptionally characteristic word. There are particular features, too—as in the story of the Miss Mackinnons—which are peculiar to dwellers north of the Tweed, and are quite apart from the special excellences of maiden ladies in England. Our thoughts instinctively fly back to a whole gallery of Miss Ferrier's old maids, gaunt, resolute, full of pride and courage, with an overweening sense of their own importance, only equalled by their ignorance of the world. It is the strange medley of these qualities that makes possible the episode of the burning of Fenton of Strathdivie's will. The Miss Mackinnons and the well-descended *parvenu*, Tam Drysdale, are far more interesting than the three pairs of young people with their various love affairs, yet even here Miss Tytler has shown her care and her originality. Each of these six lovers represents a type, and every type is truthfully designed. The newest and best of them all is Tam Drysdale's youngest daughter Eppie. This young person, aged seventeen, who had a passion for all created things both great and small, classed by her in a general way as “beasts,” had an equally strong devotion to her rustic father and low-born mother. She preferred to remain at home with them, the constant companion of the mother she so greatly resembled, and whom she copied wilfully in her taste in dress and rough speech, to taking her place in society with the daughters of other rich manufacturers and her handsome sister Claribel. Tam Drysdale the elder, generally known as “Auld Tam,” is a very pleasant specimen of self-made humanity. He is liberal, kind-hearted, and generous, and capable of making allowance to an astonishing degree for the prejudices of those in the class above him; but, at the same time, he is ostentatious, self-satisfied, and fond of calling attention to the cost of his possessions. These defects are considerable drawbacks to an agreeable acquaintance, and Miss Tytler deserves much praise for the art with which she conveys to us how much, even in the opinion of well born and bred people, his defects were outweighed by his genuine good qualities. Her method of smoothing the tangle and reconciling Drysdales and Mackinnons is not quite so successful, and is unnecessarily complicated, though at the same time it is very ingenious. We could also wish that Miss Tytler had been clearer in her mind as to the Christian name of Eneas Mackinnon's father. In Vol. i. he is always alluded to as “Gavin”; but in Vol. iii. p. 70, he is called first “Guy” and then “Eneas”; in p. 77 “Guy” again, and in p. 80 “Gavin.” This is more than the most lenient reader or reviewer can tolerate, and it is very unlike Miss Tytler's usual style of work. With these trifling exceptions, she is much to be commended for her courage in choosing such an unromantic spot as the city of St. Mungo and St. Enoch as the site of her romance, and for the spirit with which she has carried out her undertaking.

Grey of Greybury is a novel with a purpose. In this and other things it resembles a great many other novels, but there is a certain originality in the point of view of the author. The *motif* of the book is to show the instant attainment of peace and comfort, and the freedom from doubt which accrues to the happy man who can make up his mind to enter the fold of the Roman Church. We can recall a dozen novels which preach this doctrine about one fold of the faithful or another, but we cannot recollect one in which the convert is a Quaker, still less a Quaker from Philadelphia. The Marquis Biddle-Cope, the author, expresses more than once his extreme respect for Quakers, and sympathy with them, and he has drawn two or three characters belonging to the “Society” which are both pleasant and truthful. His hero, however (the future convert), Raymond Grey, was by no means contented with the narrowness of the lot “unto which he had been born,” and his mind was still further upset by a journey to Europe in the company of Friend Julia Henry, and his nephew and niece, Thomas and Bessie Brown. Now Bessie Brown was a lady of “great personal charms,” but of the mature age of thirty, ten years older than Raymond. This did not, of course, prevent Raymond falling in love with her, and as he was rich, Miss Brown gladly accepted him, only stipulating that their attachment was to be kept a secret. This love affair was a millstone round Raymond's neck for a long while, and dark hints are given that it went to very great lengths indeed, but on this point the author is obscure. Are we asked to believe in a profligate Quaker? Anyhow, Miss Brown considered she had a right to be jealous of a beautiful young Roman Catholic lady, daughter of Sir Rowland Bramble, at whose house the American friends passed part of the winter. No one can complain that the story lacks movement. No sooner is the reader comfortably settled down at the English country-house, than he is roused up to go with Raymond to his parent's bedside in Philadelphia; then he flies back to Oxford, and listens to Raymond proposing to Maud Bramble (being, as he thinks, “off” with his other love) at a Commemoration picnic at Nuneham. Next he accompanies the Bramble family to Paris, and is present at the siege, besides spending a considerable time with Raymond in a German prison, where he had been personally conducted as a spy. It is with a great sense of relief that he finally subsides into private and domestic life, with all difficulties cleared away—Bessie disposed of, Raymond and Maud happily married, and Raymond not only converted to the Catholic

Church, but proved heir to an ancient English property. The book is pleasantly written, and controversy is, on the whole, kept fairly in the background. The characters are sufficiently natural, and behave like ladies and gentlemen, where they are intended to do so.

Couleur de Rose opens with the conversation of two Christ Church undergraduates on matrimony. As a general rule the observations of two such very young men on so remarkably serious a subject would be hardly worth recording; but on this occasion their talk was redeemed from vague speculations by the fact that one of them, Cheriton Charters, wished to marry the sister of the other, Tom Gaythorne. To this union Tom Gaythorne strongly objected, on the ground that his friend had neither money nor the expectation of it. We must say, once and for all, that Mr. Burke's characters have the most deplorable habit of making speeches of a perfectly portentous length. It does not matter in the least who is talking—artist, financier, model, or heroine—they think nothing of going on for a page and a half without a break, and then starting off again for a fresh round, at the very slightest encouragement from the “other side.” This is a fault of beginners, but it is one to be avoided. We cannot exactly call the practice unnatural, for we have all of us suffered from the orations of certain of our friends, but no society could exist that was made up of such loquacious persons as Mr. Burke's creations. The late Mr. Trollope has said that no novelist ought to allow his *dramatis personæ* to speak more than a dozen words at a time on any subject. Without adhering exactly to the letter of his law, the admonition is always to be kept in mind, for nothing destroys the reality of a tale so much as these long narratives or harangues. Mr. Burke also falls short of complete success in the art of putting his story together. There is the country part, and the town part, and the very melodramatic part; but there is a want of cohesion about them. It is the same with many of the characters, especially with the speculator, Gus Hawkwell. He is represented at first as a clever, agreeable, successful man of the world, whom Tom Gaythorne is delighted to have as his friend, and is happy to introduce to his sister; but the moment that sister proves herself willing to marry Mr. Hawkwell, Tom suddenly finds out that Mr. Hawkwell is not worthy to mate with his own *parvenu* blood. The successful financier is very shortly made to play all kinds of bad tricks, of which nobody would have suspected him, only, we are convinced, by way of throwing up the superiority of Cheriton Charters, and giving him the reward of the young lady.

Lancelot Ward, M.P. is, to borrow a term from the science of logic, one vast undistributed middle. The characters are turned on, as it were, at full cock. Each has come to maturity, and we have a very slight idea as to how they reached that stage. The hero is about thirty, with an inexplicable, though not unexampled, craze for a seat in Parliament. The heroine is twenty-one, and is the pretty daughter of a country town publican. This parent dies soon after the story opens, and leaves her with a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand pounds. Having known Lancelot from her childhood, she is of course aware of his cherished dream, and when there is an opportune vacancy in the representation of the county, sends him 3,000*l.* anonymously to defray the cost of election. Lancelot accepts the money, gains the seat, and becomes engaged to the beautiful Madeleine Hussey. Life in London is apparently unfavourable to constancy. His thoughts go back to his unknown benefactress, Edith Ladyman, and Madeleine's stray to her new acquaintance the Earl of Eglamour, about as ill-bred a person as is has often been our lot to meet with. At length Lancelot hears simultaneously that Edith is at the point of death and that Madeleine has jilted him for the peer. He flies to the side of the former, proposes to her, and restores her to health. In a short time they are quietly married in London. On their way from the church, Lancelot calls for letters at his club, and finds one from Lord Eglamour informing him that Madeleine's heart is still “true to Poll,” or rather Lancelot. On receipt of this intelligence Lancelot instantly regrets his marriage, and shoots himself the next morning with Lord Eglamour's letter in his hand. This is the end, and nothing could well be more unsatisfactory. The book is the work of an educated man, and the style is sufficiently good, but it eminently lacks a touch of nature.

It once fell to our lot to spend some time in company with a man who was descanting on the merits of his dearest friend. “Tommy,” he would say, “is an excellent fellow; I don't know any one I am fonder of. But Tommy is very unscrupulous. I wouldn't trust him with a shilling of my money, and I never believe a word he says; but he's an excellent fellow.” It is in precisely similar fashion that “An Angler” treats the Danish nation. He always professes the deepest respect for them and the utmost liking; yet he draws picture after picture of Danish ladies behaving to an English gentleman with a rudeness that would have seemed misplaced in Seven Dials. Their curiosity and love of asking impertinent questions is surely unprecedented. In page 55 the lady inquires of Mr. Hardy his age, his profession, his duties in life, and, finally, whether or not he was engaged to the daughter of the pastor with whom he lodged. This last query is constantly repeated by one person or another, only sometimes, as in page 141, it is varied a little by being placed in the form of an assertion. The young lady referred to is scarcely less plain-spoken than her friends. “You say,” she remarks to Hardy *à propos* of a horse-race, “that you could win the race if you chose to do so. I do not believe you can, and think you are afraid to

ride hard." Another damsel observes at the end of a picnic to which Mr. Hardy had taken them, "We thank you for your kindness, sir; but we both vote that you are frightfully dull and a bore; but we like you very much." Possibly anglers may be interested in the account of the fishing in the Gudenaa, and yachtsmen might skim the description of the cruise round Denmark, but mere novel-readers will endorse Fröken Mathilde's opinion that the book is "frightfully dull and a bore."

SOME ENGLISH GUIDE BOOKS.*

WE are very glad to see that Mr. Stanford's excellent series of two-shilling Guides is at last provided with a Guide to the Channel Islands which is worthy of the series and of the subject. The Guide which bore the same title as Mr. Bevan's having been apparently withdrawn, there is no need to say more about it, except that it must always have been a subject of wonder to every one acquainted with the Channel Islands how such a production found its way into such company as that of Mr. Rye's *Norfolk* and Mr. Worth's *Devon*. Mr. Phillips Bevan has not, like the writers just mentioned, any special or local connexion with his subject. But he is a guide-book writer and topographer of approved merit and large practice, who takes pains to be accurate with his facts, arranges them in the fashion which the traveller wants, writes like a workman and a sensible man, and disdains the idiotic platitudes, and the still more idiotic jokes, which not a few of his kind seem to think necessary. Almost the only technical fault which has to be found with the present little book is that the maps might well have been on a larger scale, and that those invaluable assistances to the tourist who dislikes perpetually asking his way, rough street plans of the chief towns (in this case two only would have been needed), are still wanting. Mr. Bevan's letterpress is sufficient and accurate, though very familiar knowledge will of course detect a few slips. Thus the central village of Guernsey is in local usage invariably called "The Catel," not "Catel," and Mr. Bevan somewhat spoils a well-known local story illustrating the former dangers of the Coupée at Sark. The convivial inhabitant who had to pass it is said to have experimented on his powers of keeping his balance, not, as Mr. Bevan rather pointlessly says, "on a previous part of the highway," but on an old cannon which still lies, or did lie a year or two ago, dismounted by the roadside. If he could walk along this he crossed, if not, he lay down and slept off his liquor. The "previous part of the highway" gives no idea of the actual "brig of dread" which the Coupée must have presented before the present roadway was made.

In the other Guide of Mr. Bevan's which lies before us, the same merits are visible, though here familiarity with the subject may incline a critic to be rather unfair to the remarkable skill in compilation and compression shown. To speak the frank truth, it is impossible to do justice to two great Ridings in one little volume of 134 pages. Mr. Bevan does his best, and he does very cleverly, but he does not do the impossible. The result is, that Bay Town, one of the most characteristic of English fishing-villages, and one which happily is still far from railways, gets half a line allotted to it; that the dales of the North Riding have nothing like justice done them; and that the lavish wealth of architectural remains, both in ruins and in use, is in something the same case. For all this no blame is due to Mr. Bevan, who has, even as it is, got, if not his quart, something like his pint and a quarter into the pint vessel. He has really contrived to gather together a vast number of indications, and the tourist who wants to follow them up must go to Murray or to Mr. Walter White. In one respect, and in one only, a different plan might have been adopted with advantage. Mr. Bevan has made himself something of a slave to railways, to the neglect of road routes; and the result is that he often wastes on perfectly uninteresting places which happen to be stations fragments of his precious space which were much better given to other places. A continuous "Walk along the Coast," from Spurn Head to Tees' mouth, would greatly improve the book.

The second edition of Mr. Cox's excellent *Derbyshire* in this series requires only mention. It would be almost impertinent to certify to the competence of the author of the *Churches of Derbyshire*.

It ought to be, but perhaps is not, superfluous to remind the English traveller that the Guides of the useful Mr. Jenkinson, of Keswick, which are also published by Mr. Stanford, are somewhat

* *Stanford's Tourists' Guides—Channel Islands.* By G. Phillips Bevan. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Stanford's Tourists' Guides—North and East Ridings of Yorkshire By G. Phillips Bevan. Third edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Stanford's Tourists' Guides—Derbyshire. By the Rev. J. C. Cox. Second edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Jenkinson's Tourists' Guides—Smaller Guide to the Isle of Man. Third edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Jenkinson's Tourists' Guides—Smaller Guide to North Wales. Second edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Jenkinson's Tourists' Guides—Guide to Carlisle, Gilsland, and the Roman Wall. Second edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Jenkinson's Tourists' Guides—Guide to the Lakes, Keswick Section. Fifth edition. London: E. Stanford. 1884.

Picturesque Wales: a Handbook of Scenery accessible from the Cambrian Railways. By Godfrey Turner. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

Thorough Guide Series—North Wales. Part I. By M. J. B. Baddeley and C. S. Ward. London: Dulau & Co. 1884.

more localized, and on a somewhat more minute and elaborate plan, than the series just reviewed. We have before us several volumes of Mr. Jenkinson's collection, no one of them absolutely new, but all carefully revised and brought up to date. It is perhaps well to inform the tourist that the "smaller" Guides of this series are in hardly any practical and useful sense inferior to the "larger," the chief difference being the insertion or omission of elaborate articles on geology, botany, and other sciences, for which, in our experience of the graceless tourist, the graceless tourist does not care very earnestly. Mr. Jenkinson's *Guide to the Isle of Man* is probably the best in existence to that very curious corner of her Majesty's dominions, which for two or three months of the year is simply crammed to overflowing with trippers from the great Lancashire towns, and which, during the rest of the year, offers some very remarkable scenery, much archaeological interest, and almost unique attractions of geographical and historical position to the more leisurely explorer. The *Guide to North Wales* is, as we can say from practical experience, very minute and useful, and it suffers only from a rather insufficient indication of distances and times, in the first place, and from a want of accurate large-scale maps in the second. The latter want is to be regretted, because, except in reference to the Snowdon region, to the immediate neighbourhood of Cader Idris, and perhaps one or two other districts, North Wales is a decidedly deceptive region in this respect. A belated traveller who a season or two ago made the round from Harlech by Cwm Bychan and Drws Ardudwy to Llanbedr, and had an exceedingly narrow escape of passing the night on the hospitable slopes of Rhinog Fawr, happened after his experiences to meet a local angler and discuss the matter with him. "Sir," said the local angler, "I know every square yard of the hills round here, and all I can say is that if you trusted to guide-book measurements of distance, I think you are very lucky ever to have got in at all." This observation had no special or uncomplimentary reference to Mr. Jenkinson; but his descriptions of North Wales tourist routes a little out of the beaten track are certainly not characterized by that exactness and allowance for the deceptive character of mountain walking which distinguishes his descriptions of the Lake routes. On the other hand, we can (also from personal following of his tracks) speak very well of the Roman Wall Guide. The fault here is that the subject of the book has been rather artificially limited. Almost any pedestrian who explores the Wall will feel tempted to diverge up the North Tyne, if not into Reedsdale, and Coquetdale, and the Cheviots on the north, and Weardale on the south. In other words, the book had better have extended to the more interesting parts of Northumberland and Durham generally. This might easily have been done by the omission of nearly a hundred pages of the above-mentioned scientific matter, about which (we must take leave to repeat) the general tourist cares simply nothing, while the specialist wants something much more special. The reprint of the Keswick section of Mr. Jenkinson's Lake Guide ought to need no recommendation. Until the publication of Mr. Baddeley's book a few years ago, Mr. Jenkinson had no serious rival in ciceroneship to this part of the country, and as it is he has been rivalled, but by no means superseded.

Mr. Godfrey Turner's handbook to the scenery accessible from the Cambrian railways is official, and not discreditable to the officiality which authorized it. Although, as in most such books, the more precise merits of the guide-book are sacrificed to abundant illustration and eloquent, or would-be eloquent, description, still the pamphlet—for it is merely a pamphlet—will give the intending traveller a fair and appetizing description of what he may expect to find between Pwllheli, Aberystwith, Llanidloes, and Whitchurch.

In the last Guide on our list the energetic Mr. Baddeley, assisted by the faithful Mr. Ward, breaks ground in North Wales, thus again invading a district where, in respect of minute instructions to the pedestrian, Mr. Jenkinson has hitherto enjoyed an almost Alexandrian sway (no offence being, of course, intended to "Black's" and other assistants to the traveller). For this year Messrs. Baddeley and Ward have confined themselves to Part One of their task. This includes the district called by a silly cockneyism Snowdonia (to which Mr. Baddeley should not have condescended) and the North coast, but not the Cader Idris and Rhinog ranges or the interior. On the whole, this may be said to be the most difficult task Mr. Baddeley has yet tried. The peculiarity of North Wales, as contrasted with Scotland on the one hand and the Lakes on the other, is that, while the total surface to be covered is not contemptible, every foot of that ground, speaking rhetorically, has to be examined in detail. There is also a great deal of historical and literary matter of interest which ought not to be omitted. It is in reference to this last point that Messrs. Baddeley and Ward are, we think, weakest. Of course a guide, especially a pocket-guide, ought not to be bolstered out with miscellaneous padding. But surely there is (to take an instance) some *via media* between turning the whole of the Pen-y-Gwryd visitor's book into the page, and writing as our authors do, "The mountain inn of Pen-y-Gwryd needs no praise from us." Perhaps the inn does not, but its intending customers do, and they surely might be told in at least a few words about its connexion with *Two Years Ago*, and with a certain *Voyage Humouristique*, of which Mr. Thomas Hughes is now the sole survivor. The average Englishman is not so clever as to know things of this kind by nature, but he is not so stupid as to be wholly indifferent to them. Again, especially with Borrow's *Wild Wales* to draw on, it surely might have been possible to indicate, however briefly, the connexion of

some places named with Welsh Bardic literature. The excuse, of course, is want of space. But twenty pages would have made the book little bigger, and twenty pages would have gone a long way in judicious *renseignements* of the kind referred to. As a mountain guide, Mr. Baddeley is as usual excellent; indeed, the mountain section is the best part of the book. Naturally, small criticisms are possible. Thus Mr. Baddeley gives the ascent of the Devil's Kitchen on one side only, the left looking from Llyn Idwal. If we are not mistaken (for we do not here speak from actual experience of both) both sides are practicable. But such details need not be dwelt on. The maps as usual in this series are excellent, but some of them are on too small a scale. It is scarcely rash to say that nothing under half a mile to the inch is of much use to the pedestrian, even on level ground, while for mountain work the inch scale should, if possible, always be given. The town plans (Chester, Rhyl, and Llandudno), with a sketch of the environs of Bangor, and another of the bearings of those most puzzling things, the different railway stations at Ffestiniog, are very welcome.

MUSIC AND THE PIANO.*

IN these days, when nearly every young person of both sexes is either taught or expected to know something of music, the want of some short summary of the art and of the lives of the great composers has often been felt. Such a want Mme. Viard-Louis has set herself to supply in her recently published work on *Music and the Piano*. Being herself a pianist, and one, we may say, of great renown, Mme. Viard-Louis writes for pianists alone, and chiefly surveys the works of the great masters from that point of view. On the very first page of this work Mme. Viard-Louis strikes a chord of sympathy with many true lovers of music by her description of the "three sorts of foes the musical art has to combat, the one as formidable as the others":—

There are those who have no suspicion that any meaning whatever is to be found in the notes, and who quite innocently play every kind of music in the same way. They think that C is always C, whether in Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin; f and p are always f and p; and, thanks to this conviction, they make every musical instrument they touch into a noisy piece of machinery. Then there are those who desire to make themselves a name, to have a reputation, and who labour for long years to attain an unrivalled proficiency in gymnastics, who do not perceive that they confound the means with the end, the marble with the statue. And then there are those who imagine themselves "highly gifted," thrust their own individuality into everything they perform.

If Mme. Viard-Louis can lessen the great army of these foes to true musical art, she deserves all the thanks which the lovers of music *per se* can give her. It is by directing the attention of those who take interest in music, and, above all, in the piano, to "musical style"—which she defines as "the stamp which every composer impresses upon his own work"—that she thinks these "foes" are best overcome. In this we quite agree with her. Since the first appearance of the "King of Variation," as he has been called, Henri Herz, the mania for what may be called complicated agility has grown and increased. Simple pathetic music has been greatly abandoned, until in the present day it is considered, as Mme. Viard-Louis says, "that to be a musician is to be only an acrobat." Musical acrobats are not content to interpret the grand simplicity of the great tone-poets whose songs of joy or sadness will re-echo as long as joy or sadness exist in the heart of man. Technical difficulties are the delight of the acrobat; but while we listen to his performance and recognize the surmounted difficulties, Dr. Johnson's remark in similar circumstances is never long absent from our minds. "Modern music," says Mme. Viard-Louis, "prays no longer"; in this respect music has but followed the example of her sister arts. The belief, reverence, and veneration that seemed the mainsprings of all the great work of those who are now called the "old masters," but whom Mme. Viard-Louis rightly thinks we should better name "the Immortals," both in painting and in music, have vanished from the world. In their place we have photography, with its painstaking and painful realism, and the school of music, whose disciples claim that they can express by sound "the colour of objects as well as their substance."

Mme. Viard-Louis has divided her work into three parts:—1. General History of the Art of Music; 2. Personal History of the Principal Composers for the Piano; 3. Advice on Style and Execution. The first part is a clear and simple history of the origin and development of music, and ought from its very simplicity to be of great use and interest to any young student of the art. Many people, one might almost say most people, love music. The love of sound is one that we share with most human beings, of whatever race or colour they may be; but the fortunate persons who can give a reason for the love that is in them are comparatively few. To know why one sound should satisfy the ear, and another give a rasping sensation, lends an additional interest to the study of music as something with greater depth than mere melody. Though we have but a very imperfect knowledge of the Greek scale, we know that music was one of the subjects of study in the schools of philosophy. Pythagoras declared it to be the result of the perfect relation of numbers, which he considered "the soul of the universe." The recognition even in those early days of the fact that there were natural laws governing sound, and separating it from dissonance, is one which the pupils of the "new school" of music would do well to bear in mind in their too great

zeal to follow the motto of that school, "To alter." The second part of *Music and the Piano* deals with the personal history of the great composers. Mme. Viard-Louis speaks of them with the true enthusiasm of one who knows them intimately, who has, as she recommends her readers to do, "knocked at their doors, entered into their different existences, inquired what were their dispositions, their characters, in what diverse ways their powers were developed, and learnt the history of their works by examining the history of their lives!" Unless a pianist is truly imbued with the thoughts by which the great composers were inspired, Mme. Viard-Louis considers that his or her interpretation will be colourless and imperfect, no matter how great the mere mechanical excellence of the performance may be. In giving the short history of each one of the musical giants who gladdened the world from 1550 down to the present time, Mme. Viard-Louis has endeavoured to make the accounts as personal as possible, in order to enable her readers to learn "what those grand minds have thought by living their life, and suffering or loving or rejoicing, in sympathy with them." Her descriptions are almost too enthusiastic at times for the ordinary reader; but, as the book is probably intended not so much for the ordinary reader as for those who are as enthusiastic as herself, this may not matter. Evidently the writer who has translated the work from French into English belongs to the band of enthusiasts; for enthusiasm alone can account for some of the passages we have come across, in which grammar may be said to run riot. What can be the meaning of such sentences as the following, on p. 38:—"The traditions of the past are disputed; every belief, and even all confidence, is mocked at. The past is dragged open, not in order to find instruction there; while respecting it—but for the purpose of contradiction—if such be possible"? We have read and re-read the latter part of this passage many times, we have read it to attentive listeners, we have tried altering the punctuation, but all in vain. The meaning is still shrouded in impenetrable mystery, and we give it up. Some of the passages describing certain sonatas of Beethoven and Schubert are so comic that one is momentarily tempted to doubt whether they could have been written in sober earnest. Speaking of Schubert's Sonata in B flat, Op. 65, Mme. Viard-Louis thus interprets the idea of the composer:—

He speaks in a hushed voice, if I may so express it. I see him as he lets his hands stray carelessly over the keys, while his fancy conjures up again those events through which he first came to know her—that fair one—that attractive star (first movement). Then that day when he followed her to the church (andante). Then, on another day, to the ball (scherzo). Then her grace, her waywardness (finale).

In such a prosaic language as English such passages as these strike one far more than they would in French, and Mrs. Smyth would perhaps have done better if she had judiciously toned down some of Mme. Viard-Louis's exuberance of words. The description of Haydn is delightful:—"Seated at my harpsichord, *graved by rats*, I envied not the lot of kings. I did not stir till I had played the whole of the sonatas from beginning to end." The Spartan boy with his fox sinks into insignificance before such endurance as this.

The latter part of this excellent little volume should be carefully studied by any lover of the piano. What such a pianist as Mme. Viard-Louis has to say about "l'accent" and suppleness of hands and fingers is well worth reading and remembering. Her advice as to that great stumbling-block of many ordinary pianists—namely, natural and easy fingering—is simple and to the point; "to watch attentively whence we are coming and whither we are going." It deserves to be committed to memory by all players, as also one other recommendation:—"That the instrumentalist should have capacity enough to be able to forget the instrument and be occupied only with what has to be said. But above all things *there must be something to say*." What a lightening of the musical burdens of the season there would be if all composers as well as players would lay to heart that golden maxim!

THEOLOGY.*

MR. REYNOLDS has followed up his two previous works of kindred aim with one of larger grasp. In his *Supernatural in Nature* he attempted to show, and in the judgment of many competent readers succeeded in showing, that the very science whose tendency seems to be to eliminate the supernatural from

* *The Mystery of the Universe our Common Faith*. By J. W. Reynolds, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

The Cambridge Greek Testament—St. Luke. By Archdeacon Farrar. Cambridge: University Press. 1884.

Religion in History and in the Life of To-day. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

The Gospel History for the Young. By William F. Skene, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

Modern Egypt: its Witness to Truth. By H. B. Otley, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1884.

Christianity Judged by its Fruits. By Charles Crosleigh, D.D. London: The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1884.

Sermons. By David Swing. London: Richard H. Dickinson. 1884.

The Glories of the Man of Sorrows. By H. G. Bonavia Hunt. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1884.

The Promised Seed: a Course of Lessons on the Old Testament. By the Rev. C. R. Ball, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1884.

* *Music and the Piano*. By Mme. Viard-Louis. Translated from the French by Mrs. Warrington Smyth.

nature demonstrates its existence there, and *The Mystery of Miracle* is an endeavour to prove that mystery and miracle are the source and foundation of nature. He seems to rise in aim in each successive work. A belief in the supernatural is not only consistent with scientific knowledge, but is confirmed by it. The mystery of divine energy in the universe is not only the basis of all phenomena, but is the object of our common faith. This is the thesis of his present work, and it is maintained with a good deal of learning and a considerable power of explicit statement. He has read, it seems to us, all the modern literature of this controverted subject, and is not deterred by it from asserting not merely that physical science proves what it is sometimes thought to deny—namely, the existence of an intelligent Author of the universe, but that “the old truths and the old forms of truth are scientific—in other words, that orthodoxy may be inferred from a study of nature. His system is not so much apologetic as aggressive. In answer to the charge of anthropomorphism so often brought against religion, he says boldly, “Without anthropomorphism there is neither science nor religion,” but he is careful not to weaken his position by rejecting any verified scientific results. On the contrary, he claims a wider extension of law than scientists themselves; an all-pervading law, which governs the natural and the supernatural. He does not contend that the laws of matter and of mind are the same, but for an “identity of principle and diversity of operation,” and he claims by this differentiation of energy to verify divine revelation, our Lord’s incarnation and resurrection, the efficacy of prayer, and the atonement by Christ. Whether he has succeeded in this endeavour will be decided in different ways by different minds. Some who accompany the writer from the starting-point of orthodoxy will perhaps be surprised to find how strong are the scientific bases of their creed, and in what good company a Christian man of science finds himself. The purely scientific reader may possibly object to the mingled character of the work, and may think that devotional inferences and exhortations are out of place in such an inquiry. But all will recognize the wide range of the author’s knowledge, the many departments of nature which he lays under contribution for arguments, the accuracy with which he concentrates them on his point, and the constructive still with which, from “theme” to “theme,” he builds up his proof.

Principal Tulloch’s aim is simpler, and his method more scientific and severe. Recognizing that the great question of contemporary thought is, “Is there a spiritual world?” he has collected his essays on the chief exponents of the naturalistic theory of all things into a volume, interesting and valuable as much from his perfectly fair statements of his opponent’s position as from his own lucid and judicial comments. The only thing most readers will regret about the book is the absence of a summary of results. A clear statement of the present position of the discussion from the pen of Principal Tulloch would have been read with respect, and would have fitly rounded off the volume. As it stands, it presents us not only with the arguments, but with the starting-point of the chief asserters of the principle that mind, spirit, or consciousness is a phase of natural being, that religion must be discarded along with metaphysics. The variety of method and *motif* in the attacks on accepted belief will be what will most interest non-scientific readers. The writers seem to agree in nothing but negation. To pass from Comte, the prophet of modern naturalism, to William Smith, the author of *Thorndale*, is to change one’s moral and intellectual atmosphere, to experience the difference between a philosophy of aggression and of surrender, and to see, as may be seen in living instances, how entirely outside the life of feeling and action are the negative theories with which alone the man is often associated. So with another group. Though pessimism may be an inevitable inference in some minds from the teaching of Professors Huxley and Tyndall, it would be as unfair as it would be obviously absurd to commit them to it, or to associate them with Schopenhauer because a corollary from their system agrees with what was a practical view as well as an intellectual theory. An examination of Mr. Matthew Arnold’s suggestion of a religion without metaphysics and of Professor Seeley’s natural religion, coming after the physical systems, leads the discussion up to the higher ground where in the last resort the battle must always be fought, and the two essays that close the volume on Ferrier and on Kant are a return to first principles. “Metaphysics can only be assailed by metaphysics”; neither ancient nor modern experience can bar this door; for the problems of science cannot be exhausted in terms of matter, and the deepest life of humanity roots itself in the unseen. The mere suggestion we have been able to give of the aim and structure of this book will probably be enough to attract readers who are interested in the subject, or wish to see how the life problem presents itself to minds and natures so various.

Archdeacon Farrar’s “Gospel of St. Luke” is a part of the *Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges*, and it appears to us to be very much what a Greek text of a Gospel for upper forms of schools and for undergraduates ought to be. In fact, it would probably carry a candidate through the examination for deacon’s orders. The first necessity, of course, was to choose a text for such a book, and the plan finally adopted was to take Tischendorf and Tregelles as a basis, with the text of Stephens as a referee where they disagreed, and with Lachmann as final arbiter when Stephens differed from both. A modification of this plan was necessitated in the Gospels by the discovery of the Sinai MS. (Æ), too late to be used by Tregelles except in the last chapter of St. John. Archdeacon Farrar has prefaced his introduction to St. Luke by a brief

general notice of the word “Gospel” and of the Gospels; and his sketch of the characteristics, of the substance, and of the language of St. Luke is admirable for its range and brevity. One point only we are surprised to find missed in his enumeration of the features of his evangelist—namely, St. Luke’s singular skill as a *raconteur* as displayed in the exquisitely told stories of the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and others. He is marked off from all writers in the New Testament by this rare literary excellence. The volume is supplied with two clear and accurate maps, a table of the chief uncial MSS. of the Gospels and of the Herodian family; and the notes, where we have tested them, have not failed. They give the various readings of doubtful passages, sufficient information about manners, customs, allusions, persons, and places, and do not hesitate between the genuine text and a popular prepossession, as in xvi. 9. The volume appears to us to be honest both in spirit and execution, and we are glad to recommend it.

Dr. Fairbairn has done well to publish his lectures. They are creditable alike to him and to the men of Bradford who heard them. They are admirably adapted to his audience, and he was fortunate in getting such an audience to hear them. It occurred to him that he had something to say about religion to the hard-headed Yorkshire artisans; and he invited them, “especially the men who do not go to any church,” apparently to some public hall to hear him. He knew the prejudice against religion which is widely spread among the working classes; but he discerned, or thought he discerned, that their true feeling was against the “Churches,” and not against religion itself. It has never been on “the side of tyranny against freedom, or hindered free discussion,” or done anything to scandalize the world. He believed that, presented in its pure essence, not as identical with any Church, but as a standard by which all Churches must be judged, it would commend itself to practical men. So his exposition of the value of the Mosaic code as a regulative force for this life especially, and his demonstration of the great idea of Christ as being the oneness and “solidarity” of humanity, are not merely true, but truths equally new and equally acceptable to his hearers. It was difficult, of course, in speaking of modern Christianity, and of Christianity in relation to political, social, and industrial relations, in which he effectively demonstrates the influence of the “constructive principles” of the Gospel on society and on these relations, to avoid the opposite dangers of being too learned or too popular, and Dr. Fairbairn can hardly have offended his audience by the latter error. If he has not committed the former we congratulate him on giving to the world an index of the capacity of the better class of artisans, and on setting an example which we hope will be followed in other centres of industry.

We noticed the first volume of Dr. Skene’s *Gospel History for the Young* last year, and the second has the same merits and imperfections as its predecessor. Its faults are faults of conception, not of execution; it is too long, for when complete it will extend over three considerable volumes; it is here and there hortatory, which a running commentary should not be; and, considered as a manual for teachers, it does not leave enough to the teacher’s independent power of illustration and inference; on the other hand, it has obvious merits. It is evidently the work of a man accustomed to teach, and knowing well the book he writes about, as is seen by his *natural* explanation of “lost sheep of the House of Israel,” by the place in the narrative assigned to the Sermon on the Mount, and by his notice of the parallelism of the eight Beatitudes to the eight Denunciations (St. Matt. xxiii.) It is, as far as we have seen, quite free from partisanship, and it says all that is necessary for Sunday-school teachers to teach their classes. It is a pity that its size and cost will make it accessible to so few.

We may pronounce upon Mr. Otley’s lectures upon Egypt the time-honoured criticism that “if he had taken more pains he would have made a better book.” In his preface he expresses a hope that, being almost verbatim reports of lectures by two local newspapers, and prepared in the scanty leisure of parochial work, it will be excused certain peculiarities of style and composition, &c. &c. But this is only saying that he hopes he will be excused for not giving to the public as good a book as he was capable of writing, and we are bound in the interests of literature to say that no man ought to be forgiven this offence. Nevertheless the author evidently went about the country with his eyes open; he is well acquainted with Biblical prophecy, and he is something of an Egyptologist; he takes us over the familiar route, and he points out apt and interesting coincidences; but he does not always remember that issuing a book of evidences is a different thing from delivering popular lectures or sermons, as they appear in some passages to have been. Instead of letting his facts speak for themselves, he appears as the Christian advocate, and sometimes even plays a narrower rôle, and allows the reader to guess his ecclesiastical leanings. A second edition, it is to be hoped, will give him the opportunity of strengthening his argument by pruning away much of his application, and of curbing his tendency to fine writing.

Dr. Croslegh’s little book has much the same aim as Dr. Fairbairn’s, noticed above. The differences between them are due to the different audiences to which they were addressed. Dr. Fairbairn’s lectures, addressed to working-men, are more popular; Dr. Croslegh’s, addressed to University men, are more academic, and, with the exception of a brief practical exhortation at the end, cannot be accused of marring the effect of evidence by excessive and intrusive application. We may say at once that this

is a convincing and scholarly volume. To exhibit the "Fruits of Christianity," it was of course necessary to show what the world was before Christianity was preached, and to anticipate the objection that the condition of Christian nations now is not solely due to Christianity, but rather to the progress of civilization. Dr. Croslegh aptly points out that the tendency of ancient nations was to get more corrupt as they became more civilized, whereas the advance of civilization now is not only accompanied by a higher morality, but is made on Christian principles and is accompanied by a revival of religion.

Small as his book is, the writer has evidently read a good deal for it, and his array of classical authorities for the state of Greek and Roman society before Christ are overwhelming proofs of a condition of feeling and conduct for ever passed away, to whatever the change may be due. It is for objectors to show that what is "past" is not "propter"; and Dr. Croslegh is quite prepared to meet them on this ground. The most original portion of the volume is where he points out that the Baconian or inductive philosophy is directly due to Christian influence, and the material as well as the moral condition of Christian nations therefore a product of their faith. As a whole, it presents the black and the white of the before and after in effective contrast, and is well worth reading.

To read a few of Mr. David Swing's *Sermons* is to get an alarming idea of the strain put upon a popular preacher by a fashionable audience in America. (We partly guess these conditions of their delivery from internal evidence.) As we found fault just now with essays for being sermons in disguise, we have in this instance to complain of sermons being little more than essays. In those we have read we have found very little of the essence of a sermon which may be expressed as an attempt to convince a congregation "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," but interesting discourses, for the most part, about the sins of other people, loaded with references to science, literature, and politics, and bristling with great names. Here is a list of names occurring in one sermon:—Plato, Antony, Cleopatra, Alexander, Cæsar, Whittier, Cowper, Heber, Confucius, Louis XIV., Henry VIII., Calvin, Luther, Edwards, Wesley, Wellington, Antoninus Pius, Hamlet, Gray, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Fénelon, Mme. Guyon, George Fox. The sermon is on spiritual-mindedness, but the writer seems nowhere in spiritual touch with his hearers. This sort of thing is, no doubt, very interesting to people who go to church because it is the fashion; but in England, at all events, there is a robust appetite among churchgoers; and when men, good or bad, do go to church, they like stronger meat.

The Glories of the Man of Sorrows is the title of a small volume of sermons delivered by Mr. Bonavia Hunt at St. James's, Piccadilly, on the Sunday evenings of Lent in this year. They have the merits and defects of sermons by special preachers at solemn seasons. They are sympathetic, fervid, and devotional; but, on the other hand, they are sometimes exaggerated and unreal. The preacher, for instance, comparing "Cæsar's friends" at the trial of Christ to "hundreds of men and women you meet in Piccadilly, the Haymarket, and Regent Street," asks, "Are they happy or at peace? Look at their faces for answer. There is no sign of rest there." We should say that the most hopeless thing about the very many people, rich and poor, he appears to refer to, is that they look so very well pleased with themselves, and it is unreal, for the sake of pointing a moral, to represent thoroughly worldly people as showing on their faces the signs either of remorse or unsatisfied spiritual longing. But it is, perhaps, as unfair to criticize too coldly sermons delivered under the circumstances of these, as it is to judge a man's regular powers as a preacher by his performances on special occasions. He is seldom at his best then.

Under the somewhat unintelligible title of *The Promised Seed*, Mr. Ball has published a course of Lessons on Old Testament History which will be very useful to teachers. His aim has been to "avoid obsolete phraseology and one-sided theology"; to represent Old Testament characters as real men and women; the God of the Old Testament as the same God as was revealed to us as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the same acts, thoughts, and words which are right and wrong now, as right and wrong then.

A CENTURY OF OPERA.*

M. CAMPARDON'S publications are among the best of their kind. Their material is novel and good; they are admirably edited and arranged; with a single exception, the *Comédiens du Roi de la Troupe Française*, they are beautifully produced. To such as are interested in the story, whether general or individual, of the French stage they are indispensable and invaluable. Of peculiar merit are the several members of the series which, under the general title of *Les Théâtres de Paris avant la Révolution*, has been published, in limited editions, by MM. Berger-Levrault. In the first, *Les Spectacles des Foires* (1877), M. Campardon dealt with such of the strolling artists—the actors and singers, the acrobats and dancers, the tumblers and conjurers and showmen of every sort—as left traces of their passage through the fairs of old Paris. In the second, *Les Comédiens*

du Roi de la Troupe Italienne (1880), he gave us close on two centuries of notes and documents relating to the artistic corporation which, in its final metamorphosis, is known as the Opéra Comique. In the two volumes at present under notice (1884) the series comes to an end. The material collected in their predecessors bears directly upon those elements and influences by whose operation the theatrical monopoly created under Louis XIV. was broken up and ruined, and free-trade in drama was finally established as a national possession. In the *Académie Royale de Musique*, as in the *Comédiens du Roi de la Troupe Française*, we have to deal with the monopoly itself, and the monopoly in its most brilliant and triumphant form. Like its predecessors, the work is composed of documents from the Archives Nationales and of biographical notices compiled for their proper introduction and understanding. In some ways, perhaps, it is a trifle less complete and comprehensive than the volumes devoted to the House of Molière and the heirs and successors of Alberto Gavazzi and Domenico Biancolelli. For one reason or another, M. Campardon has omitted to preface his collection with anything in the shape of an historical introduction—such a one, for instance, as stands at the head of the records of the Italian company—and has chosen to more or less restrict his investigations to the eighteenth century. The consequence is that we look in vain for certain names of the highest importance in the history of French opera; that we search in vain for documents relating to the Académie in the earliest and most interesting stage of its existence; and that we are vouchsafed but a partial view of our subject. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that M. Campardon, within the limits he has set himself, is wonderfully careful and exact. His omissions are important—Mlle. Sallé, for instance, Mlle. Prévost, Beauchamp, Pécourt, Ballon—but they are few; his biographical notices are models of their kind. He confesses his obligations to the brothers Parfait, and opines that, for all his pains, he must needs have made a certain number of mistakes. But, in truth, his book, as far as it goes, is one of the best we know.

It was in 1671 that Perrin and Cambert, strong in letters patent from Louis XIV., set up in the musical entertainment line of business at the old "Bottle" tennis-court in the Rue Guénégaud, and there, in conjunction with Champéron and the mad Marquis de Sourdis, produced their *Pomone*, which has been somewhere described as the aboriginal French opera. Such and so splendid was their success that, after an eight months' run, Perrin's share of the profits amounted to some 30,000 livres (which seems to prove that opera may really be a mine of wealth), and that Lully—a great musician, an admirable buffoon, and an incomparable intriguer—felt bound to interfere. His action was much to the purpose. He persuaded his royal master to cancel the Perrin-Cambert patent, and transfer its privilege to him; he drove poor Cambert to England, there to die of a broken heart; he ousted La Grange and Company—Molière being a few months dead—from their house in the Palais Royal; and in that theatre—the original stage of the Comédie Française and the Opéra both—he established the Académie de Musique for good and all. He was an unscrupulous rascal of course, but he was an artist of genius; and the opéra of Faure and Gabrielle Krauss, the opéra of Gounod and Rossini, the opéra of Taglioni and Carlotta Grisi, is practically his foundation, and his only. For fifteen or sixteen years he was master of its fortunes. He gave it such bias as he chose, and the way in which he set it is the way it has always gone. He governed it well and generously; and he put down all attempts at competition (they were many and ingenious) with a high hand and a fine capacity of injustice. His poet he found in Quinault, and to Quinault's words he wrote some twenty grand operas—"tragédies lyriques," to speak by the card—which were all immensely popular for many years, while one, the *Thésée*, was reproduced thirteen times, and survived, in full activity and renown, into the heroic age of Gluck. Such, in fact, was his influence, that for a long while men had to write like him and according to his rules, or fail of popularity, and that Meyerbeer has been described as in some sort his pupil, and Robert an outcome of the school of *Atys* and *Roland*. Nor were his teaching and example confined to the dramatic parts of opera only. The Académie de Musique was the creation of a dancing King, and supplied the needs of a dancing age. Under Victoria we talk æstheticism, and are cultured and well-informed; under Louis XIV. people danced, and were graceful and polite. In the composition of ballet music Lully was incomparable, and he made the most of his talent and his peculiar opportunity. He established the ballet; he invented the *première danseuse*, and created in Mlle. La Fontaine the first of that long and illustrious line of choreographic royalties, which ended (it would seem) in Cerito; by him did Beauchamp live, and Pécourt—Beauchamp the majestic, Pécourt the fatuous and superb; and with their assistance he made the Académie what it has ever since remained—the very kingdom of the dance, the one theatre in the world where ballet has always been a necessary of life—in Mignard's time as in Gavarni's, in the days of Moreau and Debucourt as in those of Grévin and Degas. It is obvious that, as we have said, the Académie under Lully was the Académie at its liveliest and most interesting. Of documents relating to this particular period, however, M. Campardon has unearthed but few. One (of which more hereafter) refers to Mlle. de Maupin; another bears upon the fortunes of Mlle. Le Rochois, Lully's *prima donna*. It tells us no more than that she was an estimable artist, and that in 1704 Jean Nicolas de Francine, "possesseur du privilège de

* *L'Académie Royale de Musique au Dix-huitième Siècle*. By Emile Campardon. 2 vols. Paris and Nancy: Berger-Levrault. 1884.

"Académie royale de Musique," thought enough of her to guarantee her a pension of 300 livres a year. The most important of our author's finds in this direction are those which relate to Lully himself. One is the composer's will, which is enough to make your modern *impresario* green with envy. It is evident that in Lully's hands French opera was every whit as profitable as in those of Cambert and Perrin. He wills that his body be buried in the church of the Augustins Dechaussés, and that 6,000 livres be expended in founding a daily mass—"à perpétuité"—for the repose of his soul. He bequeaths 1,000 livres to "la maison des filles catholiques," in the Rue Sainte-Anne; 1,000 livres to the poor of a certain parish; 100 louis d'or a piece to five of his henchmen at the Académie; 300 livres to one of his lackeys, and 150 a piece to two others, with new suits to all three; 100 livres to his maid; and 10 livres to his coachman. He desires that all his employés may retain their situations, and that his old friend Colasse may be lodged and fed as heretofore, and as heretofore receive his pension. And he distributes his privilege among his six sons and daughters and their mother in a manner which shows him to have been not less a careful parent than he was an unscrupulous and relentless adversary. To his eldest son, Louis Lully—"n'ayant que trop de connaissance de sa mauvaise conduite, ce qui l'a obligé de le faire enfermer par autorité de justice en la maison des religieux de la charité à Charenton"—he gives but "sa légitime," to wit, a twelfth part of his property, and that under certain restrictions. All the others are well and duly provided for. It is encouraging to find that the Lullys were a quarrelsome family, and that after a while they fell out among themselves, so that Louis and Jean-Baptiste are found complaining—bitterly complaining—to the magistrate of the bad conduct of their sister Gabrielle, whom they accuse again and again "de tâcher de circonvenir à son profit" their mother, Madeleine Lambert, "très-âgée et gravement malade."

The eighteenth century, with which our author more particularly deals, is in some sort the golden age of French opera. In the domain of music proper it is the epoch of Campra and Rameau and Gluck. In song it is the century of Sophie Arnould and St.-Huberti and Mlle. Levasseur, who was the original Alceste, and Cocheron beloved of royalty, and the irresistible Jélyotte, and Chassé de Chinois whose story reads like a prophecy of Mario. In the dance it is pre-eminent, for its representatives are the immortal Camargo; and Sallé, who came to England with letters from Fontenelle to Montesquieu, and whom Voltaire preferred to Camargo herself; and Marie Allard and the renowned Dauberval; Vestris the great, and his greater son; and the two Gardels; and Noverre, the prince of ballet-masters; and Guimard the never-to-be-forgotten; and a host of notables besides. Of most of these M. Campardon has something to tell. Concerning most of them he has unearthed some document or other, curious or merely formal; certificate of baptism and *brevet de pension*, it may be, or sworn information and attested witness, coming as a revelation, casting a bull's-eye gleam upon the facts and circumstances of the deponent's life and character. The general effect, it must be admitted, is far from edifying. On the one hand, it is proved that in those times a great artist had to work like a galley-slave. It was not enough, as nowadays, to master half a dozen parts, and go on excelling in these alone. Once at the top of the tree, once in the front of the battle, the public expected yeoman service of its favourites, and would be content with nothing less; as the lists of parts M. Campardon has compiled will prove. On the other, it is only too manifest that the staff of the Académie de Musique were (to put it plainly) a singularly disreputable lot. The complaints we hear of them are grievous. Dauberval, for instance, was an admirable dancer, and as hardworking a fellow as is often seen; Mlle. Guimard was not only a great artist, but "created" parts enough to fill four pages or so of M. Campardon's book, which is a large and stately octavo. Mlle. Théodore (who became Mme. Dauberval) was a thoughtful person, who had a turn for philosophy, and took counsel with Jean-Jacques how to live decently and keep herself respectable; but these virtues did not prevent her from squabbling with everybody, or from fighting a duel with pistols with Mlle. Beaumesnil, who, for her part, for all she was a *prima donna* of Gluck's, was notorious at seventeen, and certainly did not grow staid with years. To prolong the list were easy; but these examples may suffice. It must be remembered that they were no mere choristers and *figurantes*, but the leaders of the staff and masters of their craft. They gave tone to the rank and file, and the rank and file were worthy the inspiration. This book, indeed, is full of scandals and complaints; it breathes of riot and disorder. Now and then we get a genuine state-paper like Dauvergne's memorandum to La Ferté on the condition of the Académie, or a document of interest and moment like Noverre's account of his comrades and himself. Now and then, but not often. What is plainest is, that the Académie was inordinately given to the use of violent language—terms which "la pudeur ne permet pas de réciter"; that as a rule it quarrelled and fought, and cheated its landlord and its milliner, and was spunged upon and caned, and flirted and jilted and fooled; that, in fact, it was Manon Lescaut and Mme. Marneffe turn and turn about, and nobody expected it to be anything else.

TRAVELS IN PROSE AND POETRY.*

KING TAWHIAO said to Lord Derby the other day at the Colonial Office that he had come from a far country "to tell his wants regarding the Treaty of Waitangi, made with him and his forefathers," and Mr. Gorst explained that what the King claimed was home rule for those parts of New Zealand which were inhabited exclusively by the native races. The Minister said that the mother-country had given to the colony the right to manage its own affairs, and that that right could not be taken back, even if it had not been used in the best possible manner. There are, we fancy, a good number of fairly educated persons in this country, some of them possibly possessed of seats in either House of Parliament, who have only the vaguest *umbra* of an idea where these lands are situated, or who is the monarch to whom, in winding up his very guarded and non-committing address, the cautious son of an impetuous sire wished "nothing might be wanting to make his stay in England pleasant so long as he remained here." Such Englishmen as think it rather a matter of shame than of boastfulness to be ignorant of the history and present political state of one of the noblest and most promising of their possessions, will find in Mr. Kerry Nicholls's bulky but delightful volume the wonders of a forbidden land displayed before them with a vividness of portraiture which only a master hand can produce.

Mr. Kerry Nicholls assures us that in making his way into the King Country at his own risk, with only an interpreter, and with no friendly natives to escort or accompany him, he was "prompted by no other desire than to advance the general interests of New Zealand by making known the portions of it which were virtually a blank on the map"; that his long and arduous journey of six hundred miles was, in fact, of a "purely scientific nature." But some time before he had ascertained that not only no assistance or encouragement would be given him by Tawhiao, but that even permission would be refused him to explore the King Country, which is a portion of the North Island of New Zealand, with an approximate area of ten thousand miles. Mr. Nicholls had had an interview with the sovereign at Whitiwhatiho. He was fortified with a letter from Sir George Grey, of whom the King spoke very highly, and which ensured the bearer a kind and courteous reception. But it was made clear to our author that, if he was to wait for a royal permission before he could travel into the tapped country, he might wait till the Greek Kalends came. "However," says the intrepid explorer, "I mentally recorded a vow that, if I could not get into the King Country at the north, I would get into it at the south." The vow was no idle rhodomontade. If it had not been manfully kept, we should have gone without one of the pleasantest books of travel ever written. For a clear understanding of the Maori King's character, as well as of his complaints against the English settlers, and of his claims under the Treaty of Waitangi made in 1840, the reader should carefully study the chapter in which Mr. Nicholls narrates what took place the day after his own interview with the King between the native Minister and Tawhiao, with a view to bring about friendly relations between the two races. The descriptions of the King, of his wives, and of the chieftains who accompanied him, especially of the gigantic and graceful Wahanui, are made more impressive by the engravings of their photographs. At this meeting the King stoutly refused to resign his sovereign rights; he was willing to receive back his forfeited lands; but he would not consent to receive a salary or to become a magistrate or a member of the Legislative Council. "I will," said His Majesty, "remain in the position of my ancestors and my parents in this island of Asteoroa (or Island of Bright Sunlight)." And as things stood at the conclusion of the King's interview with Mr. Bryce, so they stand now. Formerly foreigners were hospitably welcomed and treated by the Maoris as honoured friends; but King and people alike regard them, since the war died out in 1865, with distrust and jealousy. The colonists' encroachments, and their more than Carthaginian faithlessness in the observance of treaties, have aroused against them a feeling of hostility which might even now be allayed and converted into a feeling of friendship, if the colonial authorities will act on the counsel Lord Derby promises to give them—to remedy any injustice to the native King and his people which, as Lord Derby politely puts it, they may have "involuntarily committed." That the Maoris are dying out, like the rest of the Polynesian race, is but too probable. Phthisis and asthma and scrofula are cruelly thinning their ranks. The present generation is puny and consumptive-looking by the side of the older men, who still look the "noble savage," strong, healthy, and dignified. But there must be many among them who have not yet acquired the vices or developed the pusillanimity of an effete race. Mr. Nicholls says that when travelling with the Maoris he could not but admire the easy good-natured way in which they took everything; nothing disconcerted them. "Again," he says, "they are expert and fearless horsemen; and I believe that a cavalry regiment of well-trained and

* *The King Country; or, Explorations in New Zealand.* By J. H. Kerry Nicholls. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

The Region of the Eternal Fire. By Charles Marvin, late Special Correspondent of the "Morning Post" in the Caspian Region, Author of "The Russians at Merv and Herat," "Our Public Offices," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

The Hollanders in Nova Zembla: an Arctic Poem. Translated from the Dutch of Hendrik Tollens. By Daniel Van Pelt, A.M. With Preface and Introduction by Samuel Richard Van Campen. London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1884.

well-mounted Maoris both for courage, endurance, and *elan*, would form one of the finest body of troops ever marshalled upon a parade-ground or a battle-field." Wise and shrewd as are most of the author's remarks on men and measures, it is in the graphic and poetical descriptions of the strange and magnificent regions through which he made his perilous journey that the chief attraction of this volume consists. To pick out a bit here and there of these descriptions would be futile, as well as unfair. The brick shown by *Σχολαστικός* would give as just an idea of the magnificence of his rich kinsman's house. The glowing picture of Te Tarata, or the White Terrace, would kindle a lust for travel in the frame of a paralytic. And the glories of the lake below into "whose alabaster pool of liquid turquoise" Mr. Nicholls plunged headlong are sung with the raptures of a poet:—

There was not a single speck to mar the delicate beauty of the crystal basin, the blue lustre of the water, nor the white virgin purity of the siliceous pearls around its brink. One glance at the enchanting scene around me, and as I shot beneath the shining surface like an arrow from a bow, the soft, heated water closed over me, and for the instant I seemed to be gliding into the realms of eternal bliss,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

But when he tells us that a certain chasm was full of such delicious verdure that no better place could be found for a modern Quintus Curtius to take a dying leap, we cannot but smile at the confusion in the author's mind or memory between the glorious young suicide of Rome and the very rhetorical historian who was not born until ever so many hundred years afterwards. Some of our philosophers who protest against "the supernatural," would find kindred spirits in the tribes of the Hauhaus of Ruakaka, who hospitably entreated the author in the course of his travels, and as to whose religious faith and practices he exhibited some well-bred curiosity. The head chieftain answered him thus:—"At one time I thought that there were two saints, Tawhiao and Te Whiti, and I waited a long time to see if they would be taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire, but I have waited so long that I am tired, and now I think that there are no saints in heaven or earth." Old Hinepareoterangi (the chieftain's wife), who was always a good talker, and displayed at all times a facetious temper, laughed heartily at the admission of the old man; and then, looking us full in the face, she exclaimed in her wild, weird way, "We believe in nothing here, and get fat on pork and potatoes."

With regard to the origin of the Maoris the author expresses no certainty and scarcely an opinion. He tells us that the modern Maoris speak of Hawaiki as the cradle of their race, and that this proverbial saying is current among them, "The seed of our coming is from Hawaiki, the seed of man," but that where Hawaiki is, or was, no one knows. Now the most important of the Sandwich Islands is called Hawaii, and the whole group of the Sandwich Islands is called by the natives *Hawaii Nei*. Has the letter *k* slipped into the name of the mythical fatherland of the Maoris by mistake? In his excellent work on the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Manley Hopkins quotes the missionary Ellis as saying, with dogmatic certainty, that "The natives of Chatham Island and New Zealand in the south, the Sandwich Islands in the north, the Friendly Islands in the west, and all the intermediate islands so far as Easter Island in the east, are one people." Few persons knew better what they were talking about when they talked on such matters than the famous author of *Polynesian Researches*. We ourselves have been told by the Kanakas of Oahu that in their voyages to New Zealand they could understand much that was said to them by the Maoris; and a philologist is struck by the great similarity in the literal formation of the words, especially in the names of persons and places of the two undoubtedly cognate peoples. The name for the peculiar superstition or institution common to both, the *taboo*, *tapu*, *kapu*, is almost identical.

In an angry preface Mr. Marvin complains that he has undergone the fate of "all authors who reach a certain eminence," and that he has been grievously plagiarized, especially by Mr. Cust, Sir Edward Hamley, and the *Edinburgh Review*. He tells us that the publication of his books "involves him in a pecuniary loss," and that the only reputation he can hope for is "a general reputation as a political writer." He has certainly, according to the testimony of his title-page, given to the world a vast number of volumes on Russian policy and intrigues in Asia; but on the merits and utility of these works we are not now called upon to express an opinion. In the book before us there are many stories of Russia's tortuous policy and ambitious machinations; but its chief and avowed purpose is to describe the wonderful petroleum fountains at Baku, and to proclaim the energy, enterprise, and honesty of the firm of Nobel Brothers, who have taken the lead in the opening up of the oil supply. Mr. Marvin describes at some length, and with considerable tediousness, his journey of 2,500 miles from London to the famous petroleum city, which once formed part of the Persian territory, and where the old fire-worshippers found everything ready at hand for their religious observances. Since a famous gallant traveller sang the virtues of Cockle, it seems incumbent on explorers of far-away countries to take the public into their confidence as to the relative efficacy of well-advertised drugs. Mr. Marvin considers that Eno's Fruit Salt is "perhaps the best medicine in the world for the Caspian region." It is probable that he did not uncork the precious bottles containing this specific until he had got well into Asia, otherwise he would

scarcely have undergone even the slight *malaise* which afflicted him on the short voyage from Queenboro' to Flushing:—

I had a good supper [he is kind enough to tell us] while the luggage and mails were being hauled on board, and had already made myself snug, and fallen into a heavy sleep, before we were fairly in rough water. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a deal of pitching and rolling, but with the exception of one particularly vicious jerk which nearly deprived me at a stroke of what remained of my supper, I suffered no inconvenience, and slept again until the steward aroused me to say that we were close alongside Flushing.

This is a passage as well as an experience, which it is to be hoped that General Hamley and the other offenders against Mr. Marvin's copyright will not plagiarize. At Odessa our traveller makes some sensible and valuable remarks on the Russian corn trade, and emphasizes the extraordinary fact that it costs more to convey a sack of corn from the railway terminus in that seaport to the steamer at the wharf—a distance of a mile—than it does to convey a sack from Chicago to Liverpool. Extremes meet. At first sight there does not seem much resemblance between the characters of Russians and Spaniards; but this instance of inertness and want of enterprise seems to show that things of Russia are not so very dissimilar after all from *cosas de España*. At Kertch our writer made the acquaintance of a working-jeweller who had accompanied General Venkhovsky on a secret mission to Cabul. This man's story was corroborated by collateral evidence, which establishes in Mr. Marvin's mind its veracity. And if, he argues, it is proved without doubt that there has been at least one secret mission from Russia to Cabul since 1881, it is at least probable that other underground embassies had been sent there also.

There is an amusing anecdote told by our author of the loyal observance by the Russian authorities of the literal terms of the Treaty of Berlin. At Batoum one of the redoubts began to show signs of decay. Builders were invited to send in tenders for its repair. One of the candidates for the job headed his estimate with the words "Repairs to fortifications." The General sent for him and said, "There are no fortifications in Batoum; they are forbidden by the Treaty of Berlin. Adopt as a heading therefore, and use throughout, the words 'Garrison barrack repairs.'" We cordially echo Mr. Marvin's opinion, which he backs up by some manly and statesmanlike remarks made by the Duke of Argyll, that the Crimean War was not, as some sentimental politicians declare, a mistake. The war was a just war, and the cause for which it was fought was a good and righteous cause. But we agree with Lord Beaconsfield that the war was as unnecessary as it was just. This is no paradox. Justice might have been satisfied without an appeal to arms if the English Government had only been able to convince the Emperor Nicholas that they had the courage of their opinions. Mr. Kinglake has well observed that "what the State required in 1853 was a Ministry which shared and honoured the public feeling without being so carried down by it as to lose the statesman's power of understanding and controlling events. But this was not given." If the author of *The Region of the Eternal Fire* occasionally uses the language of common sense, he finds in the high-falutin' hysterics of vulgar and silly Jacobinism a commoner and more congenial vehicle for his thoughts. "The rich and the powerful," he writes, "are in all countries privileged thieves. In every land the petty pilferer, whose chief incentive to crime is his poverty, is heavily and wrathfully punished, while the nobleman who steals common land, the official who receives bribes or appropriates public funds, and the capitalist who thrives on bubble companies, are invariably allowed to enjoy their plunder." In "all lands" England must be included. Of the absurdity of the assertion that English officials take bribes and go unpunished we will not speak. The language in which this assertion is made is worthy of the late Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, or of the author of *The Crimes of the Aristocracy*. Of course Mr. Marvin girds at the Foreign Office; and we are bound to say that there is some truth, mingled with much malice, in his remarks. Speaking of a British Consul at a Russian port, where his services have been specially valuable, he says:—"When he becomes ripe for any important post in Russia, where his Russian knowledge would be of use, Mr. Peacock will probably be packed off to Peking or Pernambuco." In the contrast which he draws between the military or regimental policy in British India and the Russian Caucasus Mr. Marvin again lapses into reason:—"The army of the Caucasus is very different in one important essential from our own in India. Excluding the irregular cavalry, the whole of the troops are Russian. The Caucasus contains no sepoys. On the other hand, while we in India do our utmost to prevent the Indian gentry entering the army, or, if they do, place a limit to their promotion, the Russians throw every inducement in the way of the gentry of the Caucasus to encourage them to accept military employment. The result of our system is to provoke a deal of discontent among Indian gentlemen anxious to follow the only career fit for persons of their standing; while the result of the Russian plan is to interest the nobles of the Caucasus in the maintenance of the Russian rule." But, as we have said already, the object of this book is to call attention to the great petroleum works at Baku, and especially of those appertaining to the brothers Nobel. We are told that the supply is inexhaustible and eternal, and has already been in existence 2,500 years; that one well at Baku produces more oil than all the wells in America put together; that it is excellent fuel for steam-engines; that the city itself teems with "most of the comforts and luxuries of civilization, including even tramways"; that its bay is full of fish; that its staple production is at the maximum

rate fourteen times cheaper than in Pennsylvania, and at the minimum rate one hundred and twelve times cheaper; and that the only persons who can find anything to say against this petroleum paradise are the importers of American oil, angry at the lowering of the market by the inrush of oil from Baku. For the commercial world this work may probably have considerable attraction, and its publication can scarcely fail to be very pleasing to Messrs. Ludwig and Robert Nobel.

Hendrik Tollens published this poem in 1819; and the translator assures us that every one in Holland knows it by heart, "from the schoolboy just beginning to be stirred by the glorious history of the past to the mature and erudite *savant* in the highest seats of learning." A French translation of it was brought out in 1851 by M. Clavereau, and a "barbarously literal" English version of it was printed in Holland in 1860. Mr. Van Campen longed to see the little epic done into English "fairly worthy of the original." He tried to induce Mr. Longfellow to translate it; but the American poet was too old and too busy to undertake the task, and he could not even recommend any other poet for the purpose. At last in Mr. Van Pelt, a young Hollander domiciled in America, Mr. Van Campen found an enthusiastic admirer of *De Overwintering op Nova Zembla* as himself, and a person, moreover, whom he considered gifted with all the requisites of a faithful and poetical translator.

That the translation, except where Mr. Van Pelt confesses that he has tampered with the original by suppressing several of the author's lines and adding some of his own, is fairly faithful, we have no doubt. But the blank verse is very blank indeed, and we see nothing in the poem likely to acclimatize it in England. The story of the bold Barents' and Heemskerck's adventurous voyage, of the dreary winter they spent in the cruel ice prison, of their rather exaggerated dread of the Polar bears, of the death of Barents, the moving spirit and soul of the enterprise, of the joyous meeting of Heemskerck with his parted consort Ryp, of the happy return of the survivors to Holland, where they were the lions of Amsterdam and the Hague, and were presented in their white fox-fur coats to Prince Maurice—all these things are told in the historical introduction by Mr. Van Campen with a simple pathos which is far more poetical than anything we can find in the translated poem. In the Dutch the epic may be sung in a style to touch men's hearts. In its English dress it is as little attractive and uninspiring as one of Klopstock's poems, and possesses as little fire as Pollok's "Course of Time," and is even less melodious. We have been spoiled for such blank verse as:—

He spake, and swift
They speed them onward, and in silence wipe
The moistened eye.

Or,

She crowns their hardships with abundant meed
And strews her laurels with a liberal hand;
Counts not the issue, marks the intent alone.

Even in the description of the weird and glorious beauty of the aurora borealis the verse is very tame. And the account of the poor frozen voyagers stopping every inlet and outlet of fresh air while they burned up their last remnant of coal, and almost choked themselves in the mephitic coction, so well imitated in their descendants' stifling stoves, is neither poetical nor pleasant. In his picture of the icebergs the author is happier. The following lines have in them something of the spirit of poetry:—

They see
Fair palaces transparent to the light,
And hanging gardens; huge cathedral domes,
With many a glistening spire; high-castled walls
With angles salient and regressive towers
Octagonal, and round and glassy moats,
And courts of tessellated pavements bright;
While over all the crystal fairy-world
The sunbeams shed innumerable hues.

But the last lines of all in the poem are the best. Their prayer will be heartily echoed by all who have read of the useless and unutterable anguish endured by the lately discovered survivors of the gallant Greeley expedition:—

Farewell, thou hapless and remorseless clime,
Ye shores unblest, of every favour void,
A long farewell! oh, never more may man
Set foot upon you; nor may human breath
Flow out upon your cruel atmosphere.
Be ye unvisited, ye wastes, cut off
From the all else inhabitable earth!
Farewell, thou most inhospitable isle!
And may posterity record thy name,
Famed by none other than our Heemskerck's woes!

This book is published both in London and New York; but all copies would appear to have been printed in the Transatlantic city. Not only do we meet in its pages with such ungainly and ugly words as "honor," "favor," and "savory," but we find the not only inane and idiotic but, as the merest tiro in philology could inform Messrs. Van Campen and Van Pelt, the absolutely impossible adjective "neighboring." The most amusing thing in this not generally amusing book is a note by the translator to inform the reader that he has ventured somewhat "to modify the description of the terror which struck the sturdy Dutch sailors on seeing the Polar bears." Dutch scholars who have the original poem within reach will heartily appreciate the translator's delicate consideration for the reputation of his forefathers.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.*

WE know few who deserve our gratitude more than those who give us careful reprints of old books. To pass out of the bustle and wrangle of modern life, and to live, if only for a brief while, among the men whose troubles, great though they were, have long since been almost as dead as themselves, is as great and wholesome a change as is open to most of us. Far too often it is true that by crossing the sea we get a change, not of mind, but of sky. But those who cross the centuries may leave the troubled mind behind them. In such a book as the one before us we can pleasantly and commodiously make such a voyage. Mr. Arber has got together in one volume a great number of original documents, bearing on the first settlements of Virginia and New England. Of these he has given a most careful reprint, sparing neither labour nor cost on what has clearly been to him a work of love. In the United States this volume, we may feel sure, will meet with a large sale; but in the old country too, in the hive whence started the swarms, it should find numerous readers. There is a charm in the account of these early voyages which later writers could not but lose the more the veil that covered so much of the earth was rolled back. What can those who with their valets and lady's-maids go round the world in luxurious steam-yachts have to tell compared with the men who in three ships, whose total tonnage was only 160 tons, spent five painful months in crossing the Atlantic on their way to make the first settlement in Virginia? The quaintness of the language in which their story is told agrees well with the roughness and strangeness of the lives they led. Moreover, books such as these open before us a world in which was nourished the fancy of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. No one can fully enter into the spirit of the Elizabethan poets who has not sailed with the Elizabethan seamen.

We are the more ready to acknowledge our debt to Mr. Arber for this admirable reprint as we find ourselves under the necessity of criticizing much in that portion of the work which is more peculiarly his own. His Introduction is by no means clear. He strings together, as it were, a great many "Illustrative Documents"; but the thread that runs between them is not easy to follow. The reader nowhere gets a clear view of the whole subject. We could well believe that Mr. Arber has taken as his model Mr. John Forster, and Mr. John Forster at his worst. Though that writer did a great deal of good work, yet his method was generally faulty, and in his Life of Sir John Eliot was thoroughly bad. The same faulty method we discover in the Introduction before us. Then, too, Mr. Arber's English is not always the English that becomes a Professor of our language and literature. What need has one so well read in the books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to call information *reliable*? Will not trustworthy serve his purpose? He falls into the vulgarity of "a lot of new information." The rise of this word in this sense has been sudden. Not many years ago it was a term of the auction-room. Thence it passed into the slang of schoolboys; from schoolboys it went to their sisters, and from them to the writers of worthless novels. It has in its progress at length reached grave students and professors. We shall expect to find it recognized and established in the New English Dictionary, whenever the letter L is reached. Scarcely less in keeping with these old reprints is such a phrase as "this recrimination is simply invaluable." How, too, we would ask, can a history be pivoted on a number of dates, and what are "reprinting efforts"? When anything is prejudiced, what is gained by adding that it is "antecedently prejudiced"?

Mr. Arber's judgment is even weaker than his English. Captain John Smith, whose works form a large part of this reprint, has been called, it seems, by some "the Baron Munchausen of his Age, by others its swaggering and boasting Pistol." "But," Mr. Arber continues, "this unmerited cloud of detraction and discredit with this volume passes away for ever." Smith, John Smith, is raised up by our enthusiastic editor to a greater height than any Smith ever reached before. "It is not too much to say," we read, "that had not Captain Smith, of Willoughby, strove (*sic*), fought, and endured as he did, the present United States of America might never have come into existence." If this be the case, if, again to quote our editor, "for about a couple of years all the glorious possibilities that are still wrapped up in the words *United States of America* hung, as on a slight thread, upon" this John Smith, then the complaint is indeed a just one that "in his native land he is unsung in song, uncommemorated in stone or metal." Let the Smiths arise for the honour of their name and family, and, clubbing their copper, silver, and gold, raise to their John a monument as high as Nelson's.

Confident and even boastful though Mr. Arber is in his vindication of his hero, we are not nevertheless convinced by his reasoning. The cloud that he says passes away for ever still to our eyes hangs just as thick as before. The account that Smith gives of his early life is in itself almost passing belief, and it is but poorly supported by such arguments as our editor uses. These adventures were a fitting prelude to the grand and famous scene in Virginia, where Pocahontas, King Powhatan's "dearest jewel and daughter," seized Smith's head within her arms at the moment when, at her father's command, the savages with their clubs were

* *The English Scholar's Library—Captain John Smith, of Willoughby by Alford, Lincolnshire; President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England. Works. 1608-1631. Edited by Edward Arber. 1 Montague Road, Birmingham. 1884.*

going to beat out his brains on a great stone. Somewhat the same good fortune had he had five years earlier, when that "Noble Gentlewoman" the young Charatza Tragabigzanda had fallen in love with him in Constantinople. Intending to marry him as soon as by the death of the Bashaw Bogall she should be "master of herself," she had sent him to her brother, the Tymor Bashaw, who lived in Tartaria. He, however, had treated him with the greatest cruelty, till John Smith, "forgetting all reason, beat out the Tymor's brains with his threshing-bat, for they have no flails." Thereupon the future founder of the United States disguised himself in his oppressor's clothes, and fled sixteen days through the desert to the Muscovites. Among them "the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants." Wherever he travelled "he met with respect, mirth, content, and entertainment," and received large presents of money to supply his losses. He had well earned such noble treatment; for in his wars against the Turks he had conquered in three single combats, in the presence of fair dames, first, the Lord Turbasha, next his lordship's "vowed friend," Gualgo, and, lastly, the valiant Bonny Mulgro. Their heads, which he had borne aloft on his spear, were ever afterwards represented in his coat of arms. "Glutted with content and neere drowned with joy," he would hardly, he says, have left Transylvania "but to see and rejoice himself (after all those encounters) in his native country." The road that he took to it was, for some reason that he forgets to explain, none of the shortest; for, when he arrived in France, he went on to Spain, and so, "being satisfied with Europe and Asia," to Barbary. Here he found no princesses or noble ladies, and merely took part in a fight with two Spanish ships of war.

We have passed over many wonderful adventures in this brief sketch of Smith's early life. What are the proofs of his truthfulness? In the first place, says Mr. Arber, he offered his Travels to Sir Robert Cotton, and he dedicated them to three Earls.

We know enough of London society in the year 1629, and of the Episcopal censorship of the English press at that time, to be quite sure that no man would have dared to have offered to Sir ROBERT COTTON and those three Earls as *true travels*, a deliberately made up story of adventures which never happened. This alone is sufficient to shew that these *true travels* is an honestly written narrative of personal experiences.

If three Earls can after this easy fashion guarantee an author's honesty, will two, and if two, will one suffice? Macpherson dedicated *Ossian* to the Earl of Bute. There was certainly in his time no episcopal censorship of the press; but a kind of a make-weight may be found, for Bute was Prime Minister. Professor Blackie, that ardent champion of Macpherson, has here provided for him a new argument. "We may be quite sure," he may say, "that no man would have dared to offer to an earl, a Scotchman, and a Prime Minister, a deliberately made up translation of poems which never existed." But to return to Captain Smith. His narrative of his early life was not published till 1629. Now, says Mr. Arber, in 1614 he named a cape on the American coast Tragabigzanda, in memory of the "Noble Gentlewoman" of Constantinople; and at the same time he named three islands the Three Turks' Heads in memory "of his famous passage at arms." That he gave these names long before he wrote his Travels is, according to Mr. Arber, one of those facts that fully corroborate his narrative. A piece of brag, then, is like the story of grouse in the gun-room. Let it have been heard any time these twenty years, and it passes muster. Lies and laughter can gain, it should seem, a kind of prescriptive right. Then, says our editor, Smith "systematically understates rather than exaggerates anything he did." Three Turks' heads cut off, a princess and two noble ladies his deliverers, are pretty well for one young man. But these are mere trifles compared with other things that befell him. Once he was suddenly attacked when all alone in the desert of Virginia:—

Finding he was beset with 200. Salvages, two of them hee slew, still defending himself with the ayd of a Salvage his guid, whom he bound to his arme with his garters, and vsed him as a buckler, yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrowes that stucke in his clothes but no great hurt, till at last they tooke him prisoner.

Though captured, he was not cast down:—

Hee so demeaned himselfe amongst them, as he not onely diverted them from surprising the Fort, but procured his owne libertie, and got himselfe and his company such estimation amongst them, that those Salvages admired him more then their owne *Quiquousucks*.

If these are systematic understatements, there are plenty of them to be found in Captain Smith's story.

One argument that Mr. Arber uses shows how ill fitted he is for balancing evidence. "Why New England writers," he says, "should attack our author is simply amazing, seeing that Smith preferred New England, as a colony, to Virginia or any other part of the world." Smith must be telling the truth, we shall find Jones saying, for he prefers me to Robinson and Brown.

Happily in the 984 pages of this curious collection there is a great deal besides Captain Smith's modest truths or impudent lies, whichever they be. Even his account, if it be mendacious, is yet well worth reading. We have had to criticize Mr. Arber with some severity, and to refuse to acknowledge the hero whom he has set up. But we must once more thank him for the spirit he has shown and the trouble he has taken in gathering into one convenient and even handsome volume so large a number of curious and instructive documents.

TOPOGRAPHY AND LOCAL HISTORY.

IT is satisfactory, year by year, to note the gradual awakening of municipal corporations to an interest in the preservation and arrangement of their records. A few years ago the parchments and papers of a country town, or even of a city, lay neglected, except by rats, in some garret or cellar, and were slowly but surely destroyed. Now in all directions we hear of their being gathered carefully and calendared; and in some cases a local man, in others an expert from the Record Office or the British Museum, is employed to select and transcribe such portions as may be thought worthy of publication. In addition, we have parochial histories and histories of great houses; and, though it is only too easy to find fault in a majority of cases, the movement is so useful and so deserving of encouragement that we hesitate to criticize more severely than is absolutely necessary. An excellent example was lately before us in the parochial history of Porlock, the work of a lady residing in the neighbourhood, and now another lady comes forward with an account of the ancient and magnificent Sussex mansion known as Cowdray, with numerous illustrations, and genealogical, legendary, and historical notes. The Mayor and Corporation of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis have authorized Mr. Moule, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to edit a descriptive catalogue of the records belonging to the borough down to 1800. A large number of separate documents have been brought together, arranged in classes, and anything of interest they contained carefully extracted. A curiously-worded preface describes the method of arrangement and the general contents, and there are illustrations of the borough seals. The third book before us is of a somewhat different character, and relates, not to an English, but to an Italian, city. Mr. Neville Rolfe is already known by the handbooks and catalogues which English and American visitors to Naples find so useful in the Museum. The present publication relates in much the same way to Pompeii, to which it serves as a guide. It is illustrated by photographs of the ruins as they are, and of the drawings in which Signor Luigi Fischetti has endeavoured to restore conjecturally the original appearance of the principal buildings. The number of such books is rapidly growing, and there will soon be few places of interest without their special volume.

Mrs. Roundell might have entitled her book "The Curse of Cowdray," for the narrative she has so skillfully pieced together relates in great part to the doom said to have been pronounced against Sir Anthony Browne and his descendants for his greed in acquiring and keeping monastic estates. Although like the Petres, the Brownes remained Romanists, their share of ecclesiastical plunder was as great as that of some of Henry's most Protestant courtiers; yet, when the curse was fulfilled, the last Viscount Montague must have had but little of it left. The family was of considerable antiquity, the first Sir Anthony Browne—of whose father little is known, except that he came from Cumberland, and was named Robert—having been a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Richard II. His great-grandson, who bore the same name, married a daughter of John Nevil, Marquis of Montagu, or Montacute, the King-Maker's brother. The lady cannot have brought any great inheritance to the Brownes, for we know that her brother, the Duke of Bedford, was deposed from the peerage by Act of Parliament on account of his poverty. Eventually, however, some of the old Nevil estates were given back to the co-heirs; and Sawston, the principal seat of the Marquis, is still the property of the Huddlestons, the family into which the youngest of them married. By the Nevil co-heiress Sir Anthony Browne had one son, of the same name, who is best known to history as the lifelong friend and servant of Henry VIII., by whom he was made one of his executors. His son attained the peerage as Viscount Montagu. The Montagu title had been held as a barony by the children of the Countess of Salisbury, but Lord Montagu was beheaded in 1539, and the ill-omened title was at least dormant when Browne obtained it. The viscounty has become extinct, but a descendant of the Countess of Salisbury still enjoys the barony. The story of the curse is variously told, but Mrs. Roundell gives the more generally received tradition as follows:—When Sir Anthony was holding his first great feast in the hall of Battle Abbey, one of the houses he had begged from Henry VIII., a monk made his way through the crowd of guests, and striding up to the dais on which Sir Anthony sat, cursed him to his face. "He foretold the doom that would befall the posterity of Sir Anthony, and prophesied that the curse would cleave to his family until it should cease to exist. He concluded with the words, 'By fire and water thy line shall come to an end, and it shall perish out of the land.'" Yet the descendants of Sir Anthony lived in great honour and prosperity for many generations, built Cowdray, and inherited more monastic property from an uncle of the half blood. In the eighteenth century the family wavered in its faith. The seventh viscount turned Protestant, his wife being a devoted follower of Lady Huntingdon, who preached in the open air under the great chestnut trees at Cowdray. In 1783 Lord and Lady

* *Descriptive Catalogue of the Charters and other Documents of the Borough of Weymouth.* By J. H. Moule. Weymouth: Sherren & Son.

Cowdray: the History of a great English House. By Mrs. Charles Roundell. London: Bickers & Sons. 1884.

Pompeii, Past and Present. By E. Neville Rolfe. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Montagu went to live at Brussels, where, as it was said at the time, the Viscount "was besieged and taken by assault by the Roman Catholic clergy." Certain it is, that though he returned to the faith of his fathers, his only son was brought up in the straitest tenets of the Calvinists, against which naturally he rebelled. In 1793, being four-and-twenty, he went on a tour in Switzerland with a friend. Both were drowned in the Rhine, at Laufenberg, in a foolhardy attempt to shoot the falls. "The messenger sent back to England with the sad news of the young Lord Montagu's death crossed another who was hastening from Cowdray with the tidings of the destruction of the house by fire. It is even said that the two couriers met at Calais." The viscounty devolved on a distant cousin, who was actually at the time a friar at Fontainebleau. "On the death of the young Lord Montague he received a Papal dispensation from his vows in order that he might marry and carry the title back to the Roman Catholic branch of the family." He did not avail himself, however, of this permission till 1797, when he married Frances Manby; yet, nine months later, the last Lord Montague of Cowdray died issueless. But the tragedy was not quite complete. The sister and heiress of the eighth viscount married William Poyntz, a distant relative, a year after the death of Lord Montague and the burning of Cowdray. She and her husband lived in an enlarged keeper's lodge in the beautiful park, and they had two sons. The grandmother, who had never recovered from the shock of her son's death, was constantly haunted by the fear that they would be drowned; and not without reason, for, though happily she did not live to see it, they were upset in a boat off Brighton, and the curse of Cowdray was complete. Further particulars must be sought in Mrs. Roundell's most interesting and well-illustrated volume. Cowdray now belongs to Lord Egmont, who has built a suitable residence in the park, the ruins of the old house remaining as they were left by the fire.

Mr. Moule's volume on the Charters of Weymouth is amusing as well as instructive. He has views, and airs them. The preface begins by the assertion that, though men never read a preface, "from the shallowest dip into it they count on learning in a moment all about the book that follows." But this book consists of a series of epitomes which cannot be epitomized. Class I. of the documents gives the charters and illustrations of the seals. Of Class II. Mr. Moule says it "contains all papers and extracts bearing specially on the bitter strife between Weymouth and Melcombe. Perhaps many readers will be surprised at the fierceness and persistence of this. Of course it was wrong. But the Weymouth resolution in resisting the union of the boroughs, and ignoring it when effected, or attempted, was not wholly bad." When the reader has plodded some distance through the catalogue of documents, Mr. Moule thinks two propositions will be evident to him. Histories written "without digging facts out of the deep mines of ancient record-chests are no good; and, secondly, nothing (except figures) is nevertheless so misleading as facts." These propositions are supported by a long series of extracts and quotations, some of them very curious, and all set forth in the peculiar style of the sentences we have quoted. We may take a single specimen as to the relation between "facts" and the truth. "Men are presented for 'barring of burthens on the Saboath Day,' and a Constable for signaling a Fast Day by getting so tipsy that 'hee could nether goe nor stand.' It is only needful to say that these two delinquencies happened at a few years' interval in the seventeenth century, and the historian asks no more. They date themselves. In one we see proof of that energetic resolve to make all, if not religious, at least decorous, by Act of Parliament. The other is a fair sample of the frightful result of the loosening of the pressure when the nation went mad in the heyday of the Restoration. And a fine breeze of rhetoric would bear the historian along as he enlarged on these two points. But his sails would shake a little when he found out that the tipsiness was in 1647, with the town in the hands of the Puritans, and the presentments for Sunday work in 1660." It will be seen that the style in which Mr. Moule writes is his own, and he makes us wish there was more of it; but the calendar of the papers is rigidly confined to an abstract of each document, and is more interesting to the natives of Weymouth than to any one else. There are three excellent indexes.

Mr. Rolfe's account of Pompeii is straightforward and unvarnished; he knows his subject thoroughly, and his book has the interest which always attaches to work done with completeness and compression, leaving on the mind a feeling that the writer could have made his descriptions twice as long had he been so disposed. As Pompeii was all but destroyed in A.D. 63 by a violent earthquake, and had been rebuilt very shortly before the final catastrophe in 79, the diggings reveal to us a perfect Roman city of the time of Vespasian. "This rebuilding," says Mr. Rolfe, "can be clearly traced in numerous instances; the debased fashion of the day, and the hurried, careless work of the artificers standing out in strong contrast to the architectural unity and classic style of the older buildings which Greek taste had erected in a happier age of art." For Pompeii, though small, was a wealthy place, and contained temples and public buildings out of all proportion to the size of the city. The views are very valuable. They show in each case the present state of these ruins, accompanied by a careful, if sometimes rather fanciful, view of what each was like when perfect. This is a book indispensable to every visitor to Naples, and will probably be more used as a guide than read at home.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GIRARD has followed up the reprint of his excellent volume on Thucydides, which we noticed the other day, with a collection of articles on classical subjects which have appeared at different times in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1). The subjects are Epicharmus, Pindar, Sophocles, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius. They are well handled, the two best being, perhaps, the essay on the Theban Eagle and that on Apollonius Rhodius, or, as it is more properly termed in the page-headings, "L'Alexandrinisme." In treating of Pindar, M. Girard aptly introduces the comparison of Ronsard, wherein he is, perhaps, a little indebted to M. Gandar, whom he quotes. It is characteristic of the extraordinary and disastrous hold possessed by merely traditional and academic criticism in France, even on able and independent minds, that M. Girard protests the impossibility of appealing against the judgment pronounced by this criticism on the Prince of Poets at the very time that he is showing very good reasons why it should be appealed against. In particular it is surprising to find so good a critic objecting to the too famous compounds of the *Pléiade*. They were, of course, experiments, and in many cases awkwardly done. But only the most hide-bound doctrinairism can fail to see that the language which has quietly and without evil consequences digested *Boute-feu*, *Casse-tête*, and many others, could have carried out the principle if it had chosen. As a result of the recalcitrant prudery of the seventeenth century, French is now becoming almost more of a polyglot jargon than any other European language, words being borrowed from all sorts of foreign tongues to supply the want of these very compounds.

We are unable to speak with much enthusiasm of M. Paul Arène's *Vingt jours en Tunisie* (2). M. Arène has, indeed, read his Gautier and his Gérard; but these little travels of his are at least as far off from those writers as the "headed" travel articles which fill the spare columns of English daily newspapers at this time of year are from Thackeray or Mr. Kinglake. Moreover, we cannot help thinking that (perhaps on the principle of *corruptio optimi*) French penny-a-lining is—no offence to M. Arène—even less agreeable than penny-a-lining in other languages. It is, however, to do it, and this particular example of it, justice, much better written; and in style, though not in matter, M. Arène is distinctly preferable to his English compeers.

Paris has been accustomed to talk scandal about its actresses now for more than two centuries, so that there is something almost venerable and respectable about the genus of M. Mahalin's book (3); even if, which we are sorry to say is the case, there is nothing particularly worthy of veneration or respect in his subjects or his method of treatment. People who are attracted by theatrical matters may read part of the book with interest, and (we should say) disbelieve any part of it they like with safety.

The author whom his English and American critics with remarkable unanimity delight in calling *Fortuné de Boisgobey* has varied his usual style a little in *Babiole* (4). He begins of course with a crime, though it is an involuntary one. A young clerk has gone into his master's room, and impelled to take up a packet of notes to the amount of a hundred thousand francs because it looks so nice, is surprised and half mechanically puts it in his pocket. But *Babiole*, the heroine, is quite virtuous, is indeed the innocent and victorious object of the persecutions of wicked men. This is rather novel in a novel from the other side of the water, though M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, to do him justice, has, like most melodramatists (who are nothing if not moral), been usually more or less on the side of the angels. *Solange* (5) goes back to Vendéan times, and this recurrence to the historical novel, which has been a good deal neglected for the last decade in France, has not brought M. Gérard ill luck. M. Cauvain's volume (6) is one of short, but not very short, tales in which the considerable ability of the writer appears to advantage, especially in "La branche de corail" and "Maitre Claudius." *Les employés* (7) has for sub-title "Souvenirs," and it would appear that the author has worked in personal experiences. The result is not altogether happy; but M. Haberland has chosen a better style of novel-writing than most of his contemporaries, and may do something in it. The same may be said of M. Lomon (8), whose work, however, is somewhat better executed. With regard to M. Rangabé's book (9), we own that it seems to us a little heavy. But it is a solid cut-and-come-again kind of book, more like an English novel of a rather old school than like a French one, and perhaps not ill suited for sands and railway-carriages and the other places where mankind drops novels in his summer wanderings.

(1) *Etudes sur la poésie grecque.* Par Jules Girard. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Vingt jours en Tunisie.* Par Paul Arène. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Les jolies actrices de Paris.* Par Paul Mahalin. Quatrième série. Paris: Tresse.

(4) *Babiole.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Solange.* Par André Gérard. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Madame Gobert.* Par Henri Cauvain. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Les employés.* Par Edouard Haberland. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *L'amirale.* Par C. Lomon. Paris: Plon.

(9) *La cravache d'or.* Par A. Rangabé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE *Thoughts on Art* of Giovanni Duprè, translated by E. M. Peruzzi (Blackwood & Sons), is a fluent and colloquial version of the great sculptor's *Pensieri sull'Arte e Ricordi autobiografici*, a work that eminently merited translation. It does not, it is true, rank with the *Memoirs* of Benvenuto Cellini or of Hector Berlioz; it is deficient in the passion of the one, the wit and versatile grace of the other. The personality of the artist is not revealed with the power and plenitude that artists would desire; the literary skill is in no sense remarkable, nor does its style rise above the discursive and familiar. It has, however, its own peculiar value and attraction. It is a bright and frank record of an artistic existence, singularly rich in variety and suggestion. It abounds in reflections, often striking, sometimes profound, that cannot fail to arrest the art student by their truth and the characteristic simplicity of their utterance. The old fight between the products of academies and those of nature, between the traditions of the schools and the undisciplined promptings of genius, between idealism and romanticism, echo through these pages. Beyond the warfare, beyond the recollections that treat of Duprè's final triumphant liberation of sculpture from the trammels of convention, in point of interest and certainly in value, is the record of the artist's early struggles as a wood-carver. Here we have a lesson whose pregnant significance is full of suggestion both to artists and critics. Hence we learn how the revival of Italian sculpture, initiated by Bartolini, received diviner fire and more irresistible impulse from the poor carver in wood, and how it came to pass that the new Renaissance of sculpture, still in progress in France, originated in no academy, but in the genius of Giovanni Duprè.

Dr. Hosmer's *The People and Politics* (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is a treatise on the structure of States and the origin and working of governments. The author does not merely consider democratic principles, as might be inferred from the title, but includes in his survey all other forms of rule. With many of his conclusions it is impossible to agree, though he writes with breadth and perspicuity, substantiating his views with sound historic illustration. The historic basis of his work is indeed consistently maintained by Dr. Hosmer. Occasionally, however, he is drawn from his secure impartiality, as when he traces the origin of "revealed religion" to the "scraps of the Egyptian theology," "a sort of second-hand spiritual wardrobe," of which the Jews spoiled the Egyptians.

The author of *Democracy in the Old World and the New* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) devotes many pages to the consideration of the Socialistic problem. If Socialism were not a mere fleeting abstraction, incapable of rigid definition, the increasing spread of Socialistic doctrines would be of phenomenal importance. As it is, its professors and its dupes are in no sense in accord. The scientific form of Socialism familiar in the writings of certain political economists differs greatly from the Socialism professed in Universities and preached from pulpits. Then there is the Socialism of Mr. Henry George and of Mr. William Morris, which is almost identical with the primitive and crude faith of honest Jack Cade. This want of coherence provides order and good government with a truer safeguard than any indicated in the present tract. In Mr. William Trant's able little work, *Trades-Unions* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), there are some excellent remarks on the distinction between Trade-unionism and Socialism (pp. 151-153), besides a comprehensive view of the subject. Mr. Rose's *Life of Mr. Henry George* (William Reeves) is a poor performance, written in a strain of adulation that should make pale the periods of old-fashioned dedications. Of "this new Jove in the domain of thought" and of "this rock of truth"—i.e. *Progress and Poverty*—the world has had enough.

Of all subjects connected with sanitary science there is surely none that has received more attention of late than ventilation, yet the practical results as exemplified in recent public buildings seem absurdly disproportionate. *The Principles of Ventilation and Heating*, by Dr. John S. Billings (Trübner & Co.), is an exhaustive and well-illustrated work, with suggestive statistical tables, and very interesting expositions of the ventilating systems employed in the Houses of Parliament, the Capitol at Washington, &c. We have received several additions to the series of *Health Exhibition Handbooks* (Clowes & Sons). Of these, Mr. J. J. Manley's *Salt and other Condiments* is not less comprehensive in treatment than agreeable in style, full of information pleasantly conveyed. Mr. John C. L. Sparkes writes of *Schools of Art* with special authority, and gives some useful statistics. Mr. W. B. Scott's handbook on *Cleaning Streets and Ways* deals very practically with an important sanitary question. The subject of Athletics, partly undertaken by the Rev. E. Warre, is continued by the Hon. E. Lyttelton and Mr. Gerard F. Cobb, who consider the relations to health of the more popular games, cycling receiving particular attention. *An Illustrated Sketch of the Old London Street* (Waterlow & Sons), edited by Mr. T. St. Edmund Hake, is an attractive and interesting notice of that admirable reproduction.

A severe indictment of recent army administration is furnished by *Fifteen Years of Army Reform* (Blackwood & Sons), with an exposure of the fallacy of the short-service system. Mr. Hough, in his preface to *The Centre of Power*, observes that he commenced his pamphlet, which is a defence of the House of Lords, four years since. He has at least the satisfaction now of being opportune in publication. We have received the official *Handbook of Jamaica*, 1884-5, by Messrs. A. C. Sinclair and L. E. Fyfe;

the current annual volume of *The Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute* (Sampson Low & Co.); two supplements to Mr. Joseph Irving's *Annals of Our Time* (Macmillan & Co.); and *A Trip to Moodie's*, by Mr. E. P. Mathers, of the *Natal Mercury*, which gives some curious particulars of the gold-fields of Swaziland.

Professor Skeat and the delegates of the Clarendon Press deserve credit for issuing the additional matter of the second edition of Mr. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* separately, and as a "Supplement" to the first (Oxford: Clarendon Press). It is very hard on the possessors of large and costly books of reference to find their copies made comparatively valueless, both for use and for sale, by the issue of new editions, and though private booksellers may urge that the issue of such supplements interferes with the sale of the later editions, that is a consideration which ought not to weigh with a University Press. The supplement, which contains about seventy pages, is full of useful matter, chiefly corrections or suggestions made to Mr. Skeat by his critics. He seems to have received these with an open mind as the scholar should. But sometimes he is obstinate, as in the matter of "Whitsun." On that point we say nothing here, except that the opposition will in all probability call on Mr. Skeat to find some reason for calling the day "white," and some example of "Eastersun-week," or something of the kind.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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LYCEUM.—THE BELLS (To-night) Saturday, and on Monday. LOUIS XI. Friday and Wednesday. Last Night of the Season, Thursday, August 23, when RICHÉLIEU will be performed. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

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Candidates for that office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the Under-Secretary,
Dublin Castle, on or before September 15 next, in order that the same may be submitted to
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duties forthwith.

Dublin Castle, August 16, 1884.

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the Lord Lieutenant.The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his
duties forthwith.

Dublin Castle, August 16, 1884.

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The SESSION in DEPARTMENTS I., II., and IV. will commence on October 7, and in
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